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THE GLEANER.

THE GARDEN OF HOPE,

A DREAM.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope ;
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as Hope : other passions operate by starts, on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life ; but Hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some
R. distant

distant blessings to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing, or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectations of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sun-shine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting

exerting all the power of melody ; the trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms ; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forward, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew, still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alterations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity, for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness ; yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for awhile to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiry. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the croud ; and therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him : but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mines for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose soft-

ness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place, which he had been twenty years soliciting, would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observations would discover; but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the Garden of Hope, the daughter of desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne; around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From
this

this station I observed, that the entrance into the Garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress, she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the Straight of Difficulty, which those who entered, with the permission of the guard, endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt; and many fainted by the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the Bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her

gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessiblely steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the Straight of Difficulty.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest, and they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but in turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

TENDERNESS

TENDERNESS AND SENSIBILITY,

AN EVENING VISION.

(Anonymous.)

ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels, till the lamp of night arose and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on the bank of a winding river; a weeping willow spread over me its branches, which drooping swept the stream; an antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen. I had been reading a melancholy tale, which in strong colours impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel in perusing the most tragical tale. What, said I, can occasion it? Can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it Heaven. My eyes

eyes were fixed on the surface of the water, the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves, and all nature seemed hushed to repose, when a gentle slumber stole upon my senses, and methought a being of angelic form seated herself before me. A mantle of the palest sapphire hung over her shoulders to the ground, her flaxen hair fell in waving curls on her lovely neck, and a white veil almost transparent shaded her face. As she lifted it up she sighed, and continued for some moments silent. Never did I behold a countenance so delicate; and notwithstanding a smile sported on her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were surcharged with tears, and resembled violets dropping with dew: below her veil she wore a wreath of mingled amaranths and jessamines. "Wonder not, (said she) in accents soft as the breath of zephyrs) that a state of woe can please. I am called *Sensibility*, and have been from my infancy your constant companion; my sire was *Humanity*, and my mother *Sympathy*, the daughter of *Tenderness*. I was born in a cavern, overshadowed with myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and called me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music; down on one side of the cavern ran a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their nests. I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favoured mortals, who nevertheless repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas, how inconsiderate! If the rose has thorns, has it not also a vermilion tincture and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dew-drops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled

haled them, will it not be refreshed, and yield richer fragrance? So if the heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience a delightful sensation; and if the tears oftentimes flow, say, can you call it weakness? Can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of *Tenderness*, and desire the departure of *Sensibility*?"

"Ah! no, fair nymph, (said I) still deign to be my attendant; teach me to sigh with the unhappy, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible, that the pleasures which arises from legends of sorrow, owes its origin to this certain knowledge, that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings, but that we have some generous joys, and some generous cares beyond ourselves."

Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.

THE

THE STORY OF
INKLE AND YARICO.

(From Addison.)



MR. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked in the *Downs*, in the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a person

person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of *America* in search of provisions: the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid rushed from a thicket behind him: after the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*, the *American* was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation: she therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers
had

had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be cloathed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when *Varico*, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market for the *Indian*, and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle* now coming into *English* territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with *Varico*. This thought made the

the young man very penfive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which confiderations, the prudent and frugal young man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

THE APPLICATION.

(*Anonymous.*)

What heart possessed of a spark of humanity, can avoid abhorring the fordid, black ingratitude, and base treachery of *Inkle*; or seeing the fatal tendency of making the love of gain the ruling principle, which could, even in a youthful and amorous heart, destroy every social virtue, every humane and grateful disposition, and sink the person governed by it below the most rapacious animal; for the tiger kills to satisfy his hunger; but more cruel *Inkle* betrays to misery his protector, his benefactor, his deliverer, only to fill his purse; and of so little moment is difference of country to determine a person's true character, that we see here those honest, tender and generous sentiments in a wild *Indian*; which were wretchedly wanting, nay, perverted into the vilest conduct, in one of a polite nation.

MORAD AND ABOUZAIID,

AN EASTERN STORY.

(From Dr. Johnson.)

Henry and Alfred——

Close their long glories with a sigh to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

AMONG the emers and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the councils or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was waisted to the pinnacle of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration

ministration made happy. The Emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand *the keys of riches, and the sabre of command*. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. *But turn and greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire.* The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his *poets*; this example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures; and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he

has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den. His discontents in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physic, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than desirous to live. His domestics for a time, redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth, and he that once commanded nations often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recal his eldest son Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hasted by long journeys to his place of residence.

Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son; then commanding him to sit down at his bed-side—
“ Abouzaid, (says he) thy father has no more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the earth, the cold hand of the angel of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave is howling for his prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient experience, let not my last instructions issue forth in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and my fall. My power is in the hand of my enemies; my treasury has rewarded my accusers; but my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared, and my wisdom his anger could not take away. Cast thine eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdest will, in a few hours, be thine; apply thine ear to my dictates, and these possessions will promote thy happiness. Aspire not to public honours; enter not the palaces of kings;
thy

thy wealth will set thee above insult; let thy moderation keep thee below envy, content thyself with private dignity, diffuse thy riches among thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known." In the height of my power, I said to *defamation*, '*Who will hear thee?*' and to *artifice*, '*What canst thou perform?*' "But, my son, *despise not thou the malice of the weakest; remember that venom supplies the want of strength; and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.*"

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered that domestic happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt, as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant confessed, that he unbarred the door, because another not more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with

a few equal companions, selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of sentiments; and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table; every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest.

By degrees all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the music sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the *force of gratitude*, he enquired for men of science, whose merit was *obscured by poverty*. His house was soon crowded with *poets, sculptors, painters, and designers*, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in the celebration of their *patron*.

But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their *deliverer* as a wretch of *narrow capacity*, who was growing great by works which
he

he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties.

Abouzaïd heard their murmurs, and dismissed them; and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyric.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaïd, who stood at the gate, called to him *Hamet*, the poet. "Hamet, (said he) thy *ingratitude* has put an end to my hopes and experiments: I have now learned the vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded by human benevolence; I shall henceforth do good, and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men; and resolve to solicit only the approbation of that *Being*, whom alone we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him."

THE

THE HERMIT,

A POEM.

(From Parnel.)

—— I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :

So

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest,
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right ;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail ! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd ;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their rage they differ, join in heart :
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 'The pair arrive: The livery'd servants wait,
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 'The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest parloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in the way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
 heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why shou'd such, within himself, he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face ;
When from his vest the young companion bore,
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought,

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: The landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His

His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant went before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch,—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
And wings, whose colour glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid ;

D

Its

Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wand'ring eyes.
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !
 The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless customs lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.
 Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back ;

This

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The stage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth, thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



MARIA,

A PATHETIC TALE.

(From Sterne.)

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard;
and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear
D 2 them

them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulins.—

———And who is poor Maria, said I?

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes; yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two trusses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if I ever felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her.——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting between her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

MARIA looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately—

——*Well*, MARIA, said I, softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

ADIEU, Maria! Adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived;

for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

[Not in the Speaker.]

I never felt what distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the heyday of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which music beats time to labour, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with poor Maria, my friend, Mr. Shandy, met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strongly into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the Knight of the Woful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—she had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses about a month

month before.—She had feared, at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? And what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar.—She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green ribbon, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog she drew him towards her with the string.—“Thou shalt not leave me, Silvio,” said she. I looked in Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or of her little goat: for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat

I sat down close by her, and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combination of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was she saw the person pitied her; and the next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and that she had beat him for the theft.—She had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On opening it, I found an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the stony roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got support, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage,

tage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee. Thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Silvio—in all thy weakneses and wanderings I could seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go to wash it in the stream.—“And where will you dry it, Maria?” said I.—“I’ll dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.”

“And is your heart still so warm, Maria?” said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two, Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

“And where are you going, Maria?” said I.—She said to Moulines.—“Let us go, said I, together.”—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let her dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopt to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—Affliction had touched

46 *Maria, a Pathetic Tale, from Sterne.*

touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

ADIEU; poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind thee up for ever.

WIT

WIT AND LEARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

(From Dr. Johnson.)

Without a genius learning soars in vain;
 And, without learning, genius sinks again:
 Their force united crowns the sprightly reign. }

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in chearfulness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition; and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the

the natural animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning; and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronise and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to taste nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began

began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence; and, by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions; and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being entangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and Antiquity of Learning.

To Wit, all that was new was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered by the experiment, and betrayed themselves to confutation or contempt. The seriousness of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew at last important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace without a train of the severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had a son named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poisoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no skill ever be extracted. These arrows he frequently shot at Learning, when she was most earnestly or usefully employed, engaged in abstruse enquiries, or giving instructions to her followers. Minerva, therefore, deputed Criticism to her aid, who generally broke the point of
of

of Satyr's arrows, turned them aside, or retorted them on himself.

Jupiter was at last angry, that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither, therefore, they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals; nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects; theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a class of mortals, by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded: these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt, they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expeditions frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when by this treachery they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the two

rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right-hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings, and soared aloft; but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions; but for want of natural vigour, could only take short flights: so, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned, from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

THE

THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(*Anonymous.*)



OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.—Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion,

fusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction, (said Omar) who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name (replied the stranger) is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee (said Omar) belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic (whose memory be blessed) first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though

though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name.—‘Hassan (said he) I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.’ These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: ‘Hassan (said he) forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.’ I answered, “Mock not thy servant, who is as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.” ‘Hassan, (he replied) I can no otherwise give life and happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy

stroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.'

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, that my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattrafs, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me,

me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid down my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan (said he) what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldest satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan (said he) I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.'

I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings

wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.—He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Abubekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and sensibility of pride. “O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose
that

that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return."—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son, (said he) more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual to thee, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thine hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance.—Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall again be tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy
content

content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labour with chearfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

T H E

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

A DREAM.

(From the Travels of Zoroaster.)



I, ZUGIAH, the son of *Ethbael*, one morning set out from my grot, according to my daily custom, and before the sun had drank up the dew of the fields, in quest of birds or beasts, whose flesh I designed for the nourishment of my body. Many were the places in which I spread my snares, and tried the expedient of my often faithful bow, yet all to no purpose. What to do I was at a loss; to return to my grot empty-handed was a vexation, and to continue my pursuit, a fatigue.

Thus situated, I at length determined to make another trial of my skill. Accordingly, I

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ranged and beat about, and after some time, to my no small pleasure, espied some fawn carelessly strolling down a hill from their dam; I laid my nets at the bottom, and hid myself within the trunk of a hollow tree. I held in my hand two cords, by which I could pull the net, and secure the entangled prey. The fawn making but slow advances, gave room to a drowsiness, which soon overpowering me, I fell into a sleep. In this state I thought I saw a hollow cloud overspreading the tree in which I had placed myself, and at the same time, I felt something forcing me from the tree, and lifting me up into the air.

As soon as I was raised to a pretty considerable distance from the ground, the cloud dispersed, and my eyes had a full view of the representation of two lovely youths with winged feet and shoulders, supporting me by the arms, I was at length laid at the foot of a mountain, and a being of a more august form than human, presented himself before me. He approached me with an air of kindness, and raising me from the ground, said; "Son of care, be not affrighted, thou art in the guardianship of a person who shall protect thee from all injuries; come, follow me, and thou shalt learn to be wise."

Benevolent being, said I, before I give ear to your lesson of wisdom, tell me where I am, and what will become of me. Know Zugiah, answered he, calling me by my name, that thou art in the land of the *Uncertainty of Human Life*, it is not given me farther to resolve thee thy demand; content thyself therefore, with thy present lot, and rest satisfied, that no danger shall overtake thee, whilst thou art guarded by my protection. My divine protector immediately turned from me, and walked on.—I followed

lowed him, and in a little time after, passing a mountain that lay in our way, I was in view, I thought, of a very large city. I was informed, to my no small surprise, that it was not a city, and my conductor advised me to pass by every particular without regarding them, and to ask him no questions until he stopped and desired me to speak.

We soon came before a spacious gate, which the porter, without any knocking or calling on our side, quickly opened. The porter was enough to frighten me out of my senses, his neck branching out into three heads. My conductor quickly passed through the gate, and I after him; and as soon as he had got to a small distance from it, he stopped short, and desired me to survey, on every side, all the objects that came within the verge of my sight.

Eager to satisfy my curiosity to the full, I bestowed upon the porter my first attention. Already he had barred the folding doors of the gate. He held in his left hand an hour-glass, and in his right, a clue of round and pretty thick thread.

“The gate, through which thou hast entered, observed my conductor, is the gate of Life; the porter of this gate is Time; the three heads Time has, impart his duration of the world, in what is past, in what is present, and in what is to come. The hour-glass, which Time holds in one hand, serves to measure the continuance of the world from its beginning to its end, so many hours making a day, and so many days a year. The clue of thread, in the other hand, is the thread of life, of which every living creature receives a portion, more or less.

“With respect to life and its uncertainties, I wish you to remember, that man's infancy and
F 2 childhood

childhood are helpless, his youth is full of follies and madness, his manhood of cares, and his old age of infirmities. Sometimes his days are nipped in the bud, sometimes in the blossom, sometimes in maturity, and ever and always when passed maturity. Take him for all and all, his whole duration is but an empty shadow, a troublesome dream, a bubble puffed with a little air; or what has a more exact allusion to his life, he is like the blooming grass of the field in the morning, which the mower cuts down at noon, and sees withered in the evening. Amongst the many causes of the uncertainty of life, intemperance may justly be said to hasten death more than any other cause; some there are, however, who reckon a great number of years, and even smile with complacency in the evening of their days, on the sprightliness of their bodies, but those only can expect it, who live up to the regularity that temperance prescribes. Providence has also ordained, as a lesson to others, that some should die young, that vice may not corrupt their hearts; others are permitted to live long, and even perhaps in the exercise of murders, rapines, and all sorts of villainy, but they are only fatted like victims for a sacrifice; the ax hangs over their heads, and when their impiety is brought to the height, the unerring blow will leave death in the wound. The course of nature is an immutable continuation of the everlasting order, disposing of all things for the best, giving virtue its reward, and vice its punishment."

My conductor at the end of this speech led me towards another gate, which he told me, was called the gate of the regions of Death; we entered the same, and found it to be a temple full of monumental remembrances and inscriptions to those

those who had lived. He entered into the vanity of erecting such magnificent pieces of sculpture, which time would also in the end reduce to ashes, and even the temple itself, which he said might be effected by some sudden cause; at this moment the building became agitated, as by an earthquake, and the thoughts of its immediate dissolution raised such agitations in my mind, that they awakened me from the sleep I had yielded to, when I seated myself in the trunk of the tree, and at the same instant I felt something violently pulling me by the hand. I looked out to know what was the matter, and found that a fawn had entangled itself within my snare, the ends of which I had twisted about my hand. I ran and secured my prey, and returned with glee to my grot, from whence I had set out.

THE
GENIUS OF THE CANAL,
AND
THE DEITY OF THE BROOK.

A REVERIE.

(*Miss Aikin.*)



A DELIGHTFUL pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk ; and leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led to a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow-ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was
hid

hid in several places by shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a popular town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene:

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the *Genius of the Canal*. He was clad in a close garment of a russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-ax; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded, instantly closed; and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the *Deity of the Stream* arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water lily, interwoven with sweet scented flags. An angling rod supported his steps. The *Genius of the Canal* eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

“Hence,

“Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord, the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mishapen pebbles; who lovest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandise, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry. Pay then the homage due from sloth and obscurity to grandeur and utility.”

“I readily acknowledge, (replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent,) the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet, in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise, less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute, will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The winding of my
course,

course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beauteous simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom, and make these ripples in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear, than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that resounds from your stately barges. If the unfeeling sons of wealth and commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the vallies, roll on, a useless burthen to the fields, and only subservient to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandises, my stream will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to submit my honours to the decision of those, whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment. Let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, will acknowledge that the elegant deities, who preside over simple and natural beauty, have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas. The sweetest and most majestic

70 *The Genius of the Canal, and the Deity, &c.*

majestic bard that ever sung, has taken a pride in owning his affection to woods and streams; and while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and vallies, are sunk in oblivion, the gently winding Minucius still retains his tranquil honours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten, when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and desolate, the softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Phoebus and the Muses."

THE

THE ORIGIN OF POLITENESS.

AN ALLEGORY.

(*Anonymous.*)



IN the silver age lived Sincerity the son of Truth, endowed with a soul capable of conceiving, refining, enlarging, and exalting the ideas which offered spontaneous to his mind. He was content with a decent mansion; neatness and elegance vied with each other in the disposition of his furniture, and the regularity and decorum in which they were preserved.—Though no Corinthian pillars, no triumphal arches, golden doors, or marble fountains, caught the eye, and feasted it with instantaneous delight; yet the well-proportioned rooms, the cooling grots, the
refreshing

refreshing breezes, and the soft murmurs of a distant cascade, feasted all the powers of imagination, touched every string of noble sensation, detained the eye with continued admiration, and lulled all care to rest. Such was the habitation of Sincerity.—Mindful of his father's dictates, captivated with the deeds of his progenitors, amused with viewing things in their natural state as they appear to the diligent and impartial inquirer, intent to be of use to mankind,—the sentiments and advice he gave to others resulted from the dictates of his heart, and that was truth itself. His fame was unbounded, it reached far and wide, insomuch that the venerable grey-headed sages frequented his grot, and recounted to him the feats of the Gods. The fathers listened with youthful attention to the instructions which he gave their children for keeping their young minds fixed on good things, and guiding their steps in the right way; and the young lisped his sentiments, and echoed his tales at every brook.—Though all the actions of Sincerity were good, yet still was there something wanting. The age in which he lived had greatly degenerated from that of his father, which was the golden one.

The nobles in the time of Sincerity preferred magnificence of apparel, the splendour of villas, and a multitude of domestics, to magnanimity of soul, the parent of every virtue. Instead of a serene placid look, the attendant on a good mind, they put on the mirth of a bacchanalian, and the phrenzy of a Bellona. Instead of covering their tables in the plain and healthful manner in which they formerly were, with the fruits of Ceres, the libations of Bacchus, the gifts of Flora and Pomona, they now spread them with the poisons of a foreign name, the insipids of another clime,
and

and the unpalatable fruits of an enemy's vineyard. To this way of life Sincerity was much averse. When he beheld their pageantry he shook his head, when he was invited to their mansions he freely refused, and rebuked them for their boisterous revelling with a look that spoke the serenity of his temper. Their minds too grovelling disrelished reproof, their actions being so contrary to his, obliged him by his freedom of speech to expose their folly, which caused them to shun and despise him. Thus the good man being grieved at their blindness, and imagining that his advice and practice might be too rigid ever to reclaim them from their libertinism, resolved, if possible, to fix on some expedient, whereby his severity might be tempered, and their voracity appeased. After spending some short time in deliberating what plan to fix on, he at length determined to seek some lovely fair, whose native softness might melt his heart, and whose velvet tongue might teach him to convey his instructions in such manner that they should be useful; he sought not long. When the piercing sun had nearly finished his diurnal round, and the cool breezes began to fan his scorching fire, Sincerity as was usual went to take his evening walk; and the sweet retirement of a mazy wood enticed him to make it a partaker of his meditating tour: by the same enticement a damsel, whose graceful mien bespoke her something heavenly, and whose golden locks in easy ringlets shaded the charms of her more lovely neck, was attracted to enjoy the sweet tranquility of this solitary spot; chance directed each their course to take in the same path. When they met, Sincerity was not a little struck with the beauty of her person, and the sweetness of her countenance, which was ruddy as Aurora,

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like Juno fair, bewitching as Venus, and as Pallas bespeaking. She was called Moderation. When she spoke, charms innumerable issued from her lips. Her voice was more tuneful than Cytherea's, and her figure more graceful than Melpomene's. Her, Sincerity (after a little time spent in courtship) married. She was the means of recovering his lost credit. She by her soothing language effected more than he could ever do by his sharp expressions; and by her tales and songs of wars and warlike men, of heroes and of gods, lulled the passions of those, whom Sincerity alone could never overcome; dissipated their hate, and attracted their admiration, inasmuch, that when she had done speaking, they listened as though she spake. This couple were blessed with a daughter, whom they named Politeness. She is the same with complaisance or civility. Her they carefully educated, she inherited the virtues of her parents, joining her father's austerity with her mother's softness and compassion. She was universally admired. Her words, though softer than oil, were sharper than a two-edged sword. Her reproofs were disguised, and yet had their wished-for end, and her admiration was as distant from flattery, as the north is from the south. Her observations gently passed through the passions, slowly slid by the gale, but imperceptibly stuck in the heart, where they worked with unremitting ardour. She was too excellent to be copied. She has a sister of illegitimate birth, known by her fantastic habits, and who is always most inclined to shew her kindness when she means to deceive. Politeness, being displeased with the admiration bestowed on the false one, took flight from the place of her nativity, with an intent to live in some recluse part of the world; but

but in her solitary retirement she found herself awkward, and her accomplishments useless; and she soon began to reflect on the most eligible means whereby she could again introduce herself into the busy world; she at length resolved to visit the cottages of the poor, and the mansions of the great; in the former she often found Civility, which had not been cultivated into Politeness; and in the latter, Politeness joined with Civility in a just proportion.

She continued to visit each by turns as opportunities offered, and was never more disgusted, than when she found those, whose situation in life required Politeness, to be destitute of her qualifications.



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RELIGION

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

A DREAM.

(From Dr. Johnson.)

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and
unrelenting

unrelenting severity, and her hand armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

‘Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.’

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the

hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in a slow fullen murmur. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful sunshine; the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

‘My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

‘Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, which Heaven has destined for the
seat

seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delight.'

'What, (cried I) is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?'

'The true enjoyments of a reasonable being, (answered she mildly) do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the langour of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones, debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward rectitude.

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‘To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor need there any mound to check its course. Beings, conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart. So far from the horrors of despair in the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wast but now going to plunge. While the most faulty have ever encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the loveliest self-abasement is but a deep laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enobled under my direction to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence are set no bounds. To him who is
animated

animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulty will perpetually be met with, restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclination, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities; but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may hinder the attaining of his final destination.

Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement.

ment. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being is by such a chearful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.'

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

LE FEVRE.

A PATHETIC STORY.

(From Sterne.)

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, for he would not suffer him to stand, the landlord of a little inn, in the village, came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack ;
 'tis

'tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, and he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.— If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will mend, continued he, we are all of us so concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; here must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host; and of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby, do Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal, but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night
and

and day: he has not stirred from his bed-side these two days.

My uncle laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco. Stay in the room a little, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — After he had lighted his pipe, and smoaked about a dozen whiffs, Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; my uncle Toby smoaked on, and said no more. Corporal, said my uncle Toby, after he had finished his pipe, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roqueleaur, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honour's roqueleaur, replied the Corporal, has not been on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that, what with the roqueleaur, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it? — Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal? — I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.—I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back to your honour, any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant. Is he then in the army? said my uncle Toby.—He is, said the Corporal;—and in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—that's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son, to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get away from hence, said the landlord to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast, the landlord spoke of;

of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon, by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, he has been bred up in the army from an infant, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company.—What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house, or cellar, (and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer, for his heart was too full,—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's Curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers: for there was a book laid upon the chair, by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw the son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.—A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—It was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harrassing others to-morrow; detached here,—counter-manded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints;—perhaps with straw in his tent to kneel on, must say his prayers when and how he can.—I believe, said I, for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, and please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that,

that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's—But he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story, added he,—pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his

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bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice.——Here, Billy, said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied Trim, is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.——'Tis finished already, said the Corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good-night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs, and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their rout to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas! said the Corporal, the Lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had
he

he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders; true, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recover him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported then, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.

A-well-o'-day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

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The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to-bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without any preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independantly of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had concerted with the Corporal the night before for him.

You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor, to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was

was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had not the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel; the heart rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered,—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

The Lieutenant lived but a very few minutes, and my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind, there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hand, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat, my uncle gave the Corporal; wear it Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant.—And this—said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee; 'tis all that fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing

94 *Le Fevre, a Pathetic Story, from Sterne.*

pointing to it, — 'tis all that fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world, and thou doest it like a man of honour, 'tis enough for us.

My uncle Toby sent him to school, where he remained till he heard the story of the Emperor sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, which kindled a spark of fire in his bosom; he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword; my uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up; and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn, he put the sword into his hand, — If thou art brave, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee; but fortune may; and if she does, added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre, more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness; he parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers — both dropped tears — and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bless him.

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT,

AN EASTERN TALE.

(From Dr. Johnson.)

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravan early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oaks, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring;

spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart. Thus he went on till the sun approaching his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shades; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the bank on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind, inclined

inclined him to lay hold of every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth to divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain; he prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude

surrounded him ; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear, but labour, began to overcome him ; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled ; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation of his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a Hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, ' Tell me, (said the Hermit) by what chance thou hast been brought hither ; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

' Son, (said the Hermit) let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day ; we rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation ; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest : in a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end ; we then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crying at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy ;

stancy; and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus, (continued the Hermit) enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure; we approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but ever timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return: but temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire; we entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way; we then (continued the Hermit) look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy re-

pose, commit thyself to the care of omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

(*From Duncombe.*)



PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to the commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their

their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. They, at length, both became enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity; but she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son, Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence; but his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he ordered the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years, the estate of Felix was wasted by ex-

travagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turns; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him, a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian coast; and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode
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for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful council, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent, (said she) by the Gods to those alone whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments, as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquility and Content.”

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated, and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, “ That those, who want the fewest things, approach nearest to
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the Gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

"As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency

competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took a great delight in a little cell, or hermitage, in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantines and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters, the following inscription :

*Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT & VIRTUE dwell.
Say you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

MUSTAPHA

MUSTAPHA AND ACHMET;
OR,
THE CONTEMPT OF FAME.
AN EASTERN STORY.
(*From Murphy.*)



IN the Chronicles of the Sultans of the East, it is recorded, that when Othman held the rank of visier under a prince of the Sassanian race, and by his faithful councils added security, lustre and dignity to the throne, his son, Mustapha, displayed in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the best of fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. Achmet, the hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat, in order to attend the cultivation

vation of his tender mind, had taken care to season him with religion, and to inflame his young imagination with the desire of a fair and honest fame. The sage well knew that this propensity would be a strong secondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, would warm and cherish his native goodness, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly, Mustapha soon drew the eyes of all men upon him; his conduct was a constant emanation of benevolence, and in his bosom glowed that intense heroic ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the field of glorious danger. In a short time he arrived to the highest degree of popularity; the Sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profusion of liberality, had not his merit daily deserved it from him. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the Sultan, and from the confines of Persia to the Indian ocean, he soon reduced every thing under subjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his presence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe; he loved the prince, who raised him to this state of elevation, and by the gentleness of his manners, he softened that envy, which might otherwise arise from the lustre of his glory.

While Mustapha was constantly reaping fresh laurels, and gratifying his insatiable love of fame by daily acquisitions of glory, his father at home met with a reverse of fortune. Othman possessed all those qualities which shone forth in his son, with a more striking lustre; and he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt, degenerate court, he could be great and good with impunity. But the storm now gathered heavily in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempests of jealousy, ambition,

ambition, hatred and revenge, environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of sand in the deserts of Arabia. The grand apartments in his house, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his honours; his trust was taken away from him; and, after a series of years spent in the service of his prince, he was stripped of every thing but his paternal estate; whither he withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, Othman, what were your thoughts, what were your sensations? The sun ushered in a day, void of occupation, and the night, a train of restless dreams.

At length his constitution received such severe strokes from a constant succession of corrosive cares, that he languished under the pressure, and his soul sickened to desperation. A gloomy visionary light obscured his eyes with dim suffusion, and he beheld with joy the approaching sunset of his days. As he lay languishing on the bed of sickness, he gave orders, that his son might be informed of his situation. Mustapha immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's languid arms, and in a gush of tears embraced his agonizing body. Othman, with what little strength he had left, raised his head, and fixing his faded eye-balls on him, "My son, (said he) hear my words: you have beheld your father in the sunshine of prosperity; you now behold him in the last extreme of misery. I am fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-designing men; the angel of death now hovers over his victim; accept this paper, and listen to my last directions; avoid public honours; fly from courts as from the monsters of the desert;

desert; be not misled by a vain love of fame and an unavailing popularity; virtue is its own reward; then let your happiness be fixed in your own mind, independent of external objects; despise the opinions of mankind, which were always fluctuating and uncertain as the Caspian, when deformed with tempests; for the remainder of your days have a contempt for fame; it will lead you into a series of toils for an ungrateful world. Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which leaves no trace behind it; let your moderation shade you from envy, and look down upon the giddy."

He could no more: his lot was cast, and he expired.

Mustapha wept in the bitterness of anguish over the best of fathers; he treasured up his precepts in the inmost recesses of his soul, and instantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he resigned forthwith, and in the sullenness of his soul he locked himself from the world. His house no longer resounded with singers and with minstrels; no longer did amber and aloes administer their rich perfumes; the vases of agate, which in his father's life-time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the East, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of charity, which was before stretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen up. Echo no longer repeated his praises, and scandal began to accumulate disgrace upon him. This he heard, and he despised the rumour; the many lessons given him by his tutor were now totally forgot; the seed of virtue lay dormant in his breast, and his love of fame was now entirely extinguished; nay, the very thoughts of it were loathsome to him, insomuch that, to leave no

room for a suspicion that he had any the least regard for popularity remaining, he would often say to himself, "That the world may see how much I am above any notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good action." By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind settled into a fixed insensibility to all dignity of character, and on the contempt of fame was grafted a contempt of virtue. Mustapha! Mustapha! you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! relaxed and enfeebled you groan in anguish, reluctant to every finer impulse of the soul, and callous to all the stimulating incentives to virtue! While Mustapha thus dozed away his hours ingloriously inactive, the tidings of his situation were wafted abroad by every breeze, and at length reached the ears of Achmet in his hermitage. The venerable old man heard the story with the severest compunction; his heart was appalled within him, as if the hand of death had smote him; he sat down in his haram, but there no angel whispered to his meditation; no inspiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime source of being; Mustapha's shame depressed the swellings of enthusiasm, and quite extinguished the pious fervour of his soul. He was tormented with reflection, that so noble a youth should stop short in the middle of his career, and check such excellent propensities, as he knew were lodged in his breast. At length he rose, and taking his staff in his hand, he extinguished the light which burned before him, and set out on a journey over the deserts of Arabia, and in a short time arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained admission; but the gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went to his young pupil's apartment. Mustapha

tapha was reclined upon a sofa, his looks sullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardened into insensibility. Achmet eagerly presented himself before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing, though the quickness of their lustre was somewhat diminished by the galling effusion of tears, which this unexpected shock had cost him. The winter of age had shed its snows upon his head and beard, and the lively expression of passions, which throbbed in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. A conscious blush diffused itself over his face, at the sight of the hoary sage; and both their sensations being too big for utterance, their tongues were suspended, and their eyes overflowing, discoursed for a while in the most eloquent and pathetic silence. At length Achmet faintly uttered, "Mustapha!" and a gush of tears choked up the rest. Mustapha, at this, was covered with confusion, and attempted to break from him; but the palsied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of strength from the glowing purpose of his soul, and laying fast hold of his pupil, he exclaimed, "You shall not put me from you; in me your genius now alarms you; by me it means to rouse you from your lethargy, and waken the dying embers of that admirable fire, which formerly kindled all your spirits, in those happier days, when my instructions were refreshing to your ears, as the morning dews to the verdure which clothes the fields of Damascus. But now, how art thou fallen! each finer principle of virtue is suppressed, and you are even deaf to the voice of fame, that sweetest music to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at once from the dreams of folly and overweening pride, in which thy soul is now sluggishly immersed, read there that mystic truth,

which a Genie put in my hand, in an hour of inspiration, when my thoughts were swelled with sublime ideas of the dispensations of him, who is in the heaven of heavens, and whose wonder-working hand launched forth the planets into the illimitable void, and still continued to produce the harmony of the physical and moral world by various secret and indirect causes."

The heart of Mustapha was alarmed, and he read as follows :

' When Virtue was sent down from the third heaven to restrain the irregular passions of mankind, the dignity of her mien, and beauty of her aspect, were sufficiently attractive to make her admired of all beholders. But such is the depravity of human nature, that these allurements soon began to lose their influence, and Virtue shortly finding herself neglected and forlorn, returned to her celestial mansion, in order to prefer her complaint against the sons of men. There she remonstrated, that blind mankind was not only insensible to her personal charms, but also deaf to the promise of rewards, which were to be dispensed to her votaries in a future state of existence. Though this was a sufficient provocation of wrath, yet such was the supreme benevolence, that Virtue was again sent down upon her mission, and the better to strengthen her interests, Fame was ordered to attend her, with an high commission to dispense temporary tributions even on this side of the grave. As soon as they reached the verge of human nature, Fame blew aloft her silver trumpet, and an instantaneous glow was kindled in all hearts. Wherever Virtue was cherished, Fame pursued her footsteps ; and if court was any where made to her alone, she was sure to withhold her favours, until the candidates found means, by the

the recommendation of Virtue, to insinuate themselves into her good graces. By this amiable union mankind were restrained within just restrictions, and were excited to a series of meritorious actions, either by an attachment to the allurements of Virtue, or from a desire of obtaining the applause of Fame. But short is the duration of all sublunary things. Fame, in her turn, began to share the same fate that Virtue had met before her; the appetites of men were now well nigh satiated, and the music of applause no longer sounded grateful to the ear. It was observable that wherever she met with repulse, Virtue was soon known to follow her, and it very rarely happened that she remained with above one or two in an age without her attendant, Fame. In process of time, matters were carried to that extremity, that this celestial pair was tired of their pilgrimage, and wearied out; at length, they resolved to offer up a joint petition to be recalled. They therefore flew to the throne of him who is in the heaven of heavens, and humbly urged, that it was in vain for them to sojourn any longer upon earth, as deluded mankind were now utterly seduced by the spurious ornaments of the monster, Vice, which had issued out of the regions of darkness, and set up in opposition to all that Virtue and fair Fame could inspire. In this instance again the tender care of heaven was eminently displayed, and these two radiant beings were a second time commanded to return to earth, with directions, that, however depraved the appetites of men might be, they should persist in an unremitted course of endeavours for their service. But the more effectually to strengthen their cause, Infamy was ordered to issue forth from the unhallowed cell of Vice, and to adhere close to her,

her, whatsoever way she should bend her course. It was likewise ordained, that whoever should betray a disregard for Virtue and honest Fame, should be branded by Infamy, and that these two should thus continue to wander among mankind, until the angel of death should walk forth by the command of the Almighty, and sweep the whole race from the face of the earth, to receive the retribution of rewards and punishments, which may be due to their Virtue or Vice.

Mustapha now perceived the mist of error clearing away from before his understanding, he embraced Achmet, and poured out the effusions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the task of Virtue, whose strength consists in activity. He acknowledged that the transition is easy from a contempt of fame to an equal disregard for the virtues that deserve it; and the name of Mustapha, during the remainder of the Chronicles of this reign, makes a distinguished figure, and it is said that he closed a life of virtue with honour and renown.

THE
GOLDEN SCALES.

A VISION.

(From Addison.)



IN the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balances of the clouds, as also weighing the actions of men, and laying their blessings and calamities together in a balance.

These thoughts having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision.

vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me, as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature and property of human actions, and of the many virtues and vices, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal, over the table that stood before me; when on a sudden there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they shewed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the weight of Wisdom in one scale, and that of Riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew its comparative lightness, immediately flew up and kicked the beam.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity, though I threw in that of Time, Prosperity, Affliction, Wealth, Poverty, Interest, Success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weights of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

When emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and
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seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edge of it with the word, Vanity. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were intirely different when thrown into the scales; as Religion and Hypocrisy, Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Vivacity, Superstition and Devotion, Gravity and Wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, Calamities, and on the other side, Blessings. I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good Fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of Natural parts was much heavier than that of Learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon Faith and Morality; for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former,
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than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in Wit and Judgement, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, depth of Sense, and perspicuity of Style; as also an innumerable number of the most important, as well as trivial actions of mankind, the particulars of which are too long to be mentioned.

I shall only add, that upon my waking, I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved for the future, to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value things from their appearances, but to regulate my actions and passions towards them, according to their real and intrinsic value.

A DESCRIP-

A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
AMERICAN INDIANS.

(From Bossu.)



THE character of the Indians is, in many particulars, remarkable and striking. They are grave even to sadness in their deportment upon any serious occasion; observant of those in company; respectful to the old; of a temper cool and deliberate; by which they are never in haste to speak before they have thought well upon the matter, and are sure the person who spoke before them, has finished all he had to say. They have, therefore, the greatest contempt for the vivacity of the Europeans, who interrupt each other, and frequently speak altogether.

Nothing

Nothing is more edifying than their behaviour in their public councils and assemblies. Every man there is heard in his turn, according to his years, his wisdom, or his services to his country have ranked him. Not a word, not a whisper, not a murmur is heard, from the rest, while he speaks. No indecent condemnation, no ill-timed applause. The younger sort attend for their instruction. Here they learn the history of their nation, here they are inflamed with the songs of those who celebrate the warlike actions of their ancestors; and here they are taught what are the interests of their country, and how to pursue them.

There is no people amongst whom the laws of hospitality are more sacred, or executed with more generosity and good-will. Their houses, their provisions, even their young women, are not enough to oblige a guest. To those of their own nation, they are likewise very humane and beneficent. Has any one of them succeeded ill in his hunting? has his harvest failed? or is his house burnt? He feels no other effect of his misfortune than it gives him an opportunity to experience the benevolence and regard of his fellow-citizens, who for that purpose have all things almost in common. But to the enemies of his country, or to those who have privately offended, the American is implacable. He conceals his sentiments, he appears reconciled, until by some treachery or surprise he has an opportunity of executing an horrible revenge. No length of time is sufficient to allay his resentment; no distance of place great enough to protect the object; he crosses the steepest mountains, he pierces the most impracticable forests, and traverses the most hideous bogs and deserts for several

several hundreds of miles, bearing the inclemency of the seasons, the fatigue of the expedition, the extremes of hunger and thirst, with patience and chearfulness, in hopes of surprising his enemy, on whom he exercises the most shocking barbarities, even to the eating of his flesh. To such extremes do the Indians push their friendship or their enmity; and such indeed, in general, is the character of all strong and uncultivated minds.

Notwithstanding this ferocity, no people have their anger, or at least the show of their anger, more under their command. From their infancy they are formed with care to endure scoffs, taunts, blows, and every sort of insult patiently, or at least with a composed countenance. This is one of the principal objects of their education. They esteem nothing so unworthy a man of sense and constancy, as a peevish temper and a proneness to a sudden and rash anger. And this so far has an effect, that quarrels happen as rarely among them when they are not intoxicated with liquor, as does the chief cause of all quarrels, hot and abusive language. But human nature is such, that, as virtues may with proper management be engrafted upon almost all sorts of vicious passions, so vices naturally grow out of the best dispositions, and are the consequence of those regulations that produce and strengthen them. This is the reason that, when the passions of the Americans are roused, being shut up as it were, and converging into a narrow point, they become more furious; they are dark, fullen, treacherous, and unappeasable.

Almost the sole occupation of the Indian is war, or such an exercise as qualifies him for it. His whole glory consists in this; and no man is at all considered until he has increased the

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strength

strength of his country with a captive, or adorned his house with a scalp of one of its enemies. When the ancients resolve upon war, they do not declare what nation it is they are determined to attack; that the enemy, upon whom they really intend to fall, may be off his guard. Nay, they even sometimes let years pass over without committing any act of hostility, that the vigilance of all may be unbent by the continuance of the watch, and the uncertainty of the danger. In the mean time, they are not idle at home. The principal captain summons the youth of the town to which he belongs; the war kettle is set on the fire; the war songs and dances commence; the hatchet is sent to all the villages of the same nations, and to all its allies; the fire catches; the war songs are heard in all parts; and the most hideous howlings continue without intermission day and night, over that whole track of country. The women add their cries to those of the men, lamenting those whom they have either lost in war or by a natural death, and demanding their places to be supplied from their enemies; stimulating the young men by a sense of shame, which women know how to excite in the strongest manner, and can take the best advantage of when excited.

When by these, and every other means, the fury of the nation is raised to the greatest height, and all long to embrue their hands in blood, the war captain prepares the feast, which consists of dog's flesh. All that partake of this feast, receives little billets, which are so many engagements which they take to be faithful to each other, and obedient to their commander. None are forced to the war; but when they have accepted this billet, they are looked upon as listed, and it is then death to recede. All the warriors in this
assembly

assembly have their faces blackened with charcoal, intermixed with dashes and streaks of vermillion, which give them a most horrid appearance. Their hair is dressed up in an odd manner, with feathers of various kinds. In this assembly, which is preparatory to their military expedition, the chief begins the war song; which having continued for some time, he raises his voice to the highest pitch, and turning off suddenly to a sort of prayer, addresses himself to the god of war, whom they call Areskoni. "I invoke thee, (says he,) to be favourable to my enterprise! I invoke thy care upon me and my family! I invoke ye likewise, all ye spirits and dæmons, good and evil! All ye that are in the skies, or on the earth, or under the earth, to pour destruction upon our enemies, and to return me and my companions safely to our country." All the warriors join him in this prayer, with shouts and acclamations. The captain renews his song, strikes his club against the stakes of his cottage, and begins the war dance, accompanied with the shouts of all his companions, which continue as long as he dances.

The day appointed for their departure being arrived, they take leave of their friends; they change their clothes, or whatever moveables they have, in token of mutual friendship; their wives and female relations go out before them, and attend at some distance from the town. The warriors march out all drest in their finest apparel and most showy ornaments, regularly one after another, for they never march in rank. The chief walks slowly on before them, singing the death song, whilst the rest observe the most profound silence. When they come up to their women, they deliver up to them all their finery,

put on their worst clothes, and then proceed, as their commander thinks fit.

Their motives for engaging in a war, are rarely those views which excite us to it. They have no other end but the glory of the victory, or the benefit of the slaves which it enables them to add to their nation, or sacrifice to their brutal fury; and it is rare that they take any pains to give their wars even a colour of justice. It is no way uncommon among them, for the young men to make feasts of dog's flesh, and dances, in small parties, in the midst of the most profound peace. They fall sometimes on one nation, and sometimes on another, and surprise some of their hunters, whom they scalp and bring home prisoners. Their senators wink at this, or rather encourage it, as it tends to keep up the martial spirit of their people, inures them to watchfulness and hardship, and gives them an early taste for blood.

The qualities in an Indian war, are vigilance and attention, to give and to avoid a surprise; and patience and strength to endure the intolerable fatigues and hardships which always attend it. The nations of America are at an immense distance from each other, with a vast desert frontier, and hid in the bosom of hideous, and almost boundless forests. These must be traversed before they meet an enemy, who is often at such a distance as might be supposed to prevent either quarrel or danger. But notwithstanding the secrecy of the destination of the party that moves first, the enemy has frequent notice of it, is prepared for the attack, and ready to take advantage in the same manner of the least want of vigilance in the aggressors. Their whole art of war consists in this; they never fight in the open field, but upon some very extraordinary occasions,

casions, not from cowardice, for they are brave; but they despise this method, as unworthy an able warrior, and as an affair in which fortune governs more than prudence. The principal things which help them to find out their enemies, are the smoke of their fires, which they smell at a distance almost incredible; and their tracks, in the discovery and distinguishing of which, they are possessed of a sagacity equally astonishing; for they will tell in the footsteps, which to us would seem most confused, the number of men that have passed; they even go so far as to distinguish the several nations by the different marks of their feet, and to perceive footsteps, where we could distinguish nothing less. A mind diligently intent upon one thing, and exercised by long experience, will go lengths at first view scarcely credible. But as they who are attacked have the same knowledge, and know how to draw the same advantages from it, their great address is to baffle each other in these points. On the expedition they light no fire to warm themselves, or prepare their victuals, but subsist merely on the miserable pittance of some of their meal mixed with water: they lie close to the ground all day, and march only in the night. As they march in their usual order in files, he that closes the rear, generally covers his own tracks, and those of all who preceded him, with leaves. If any stream occurs in their route, they march in it for a considerable way to foil their pursuers. When they halt to rest and refresh themselves, scouts are sent out on every side to reconnoitre the country, and beat up every place where they suspect an enemy may lie perdue.

In this manner they often enter a village,

whilst the strength of the nation is employed in hunting, and massacre all the helpless old men, women and children, or make prisoners of as many as they can manage, or have strength enough to be useful to their nation.

They often cut off small parties of men in their huntings; but when they discover an army of their enemies, their way is to throw themselves flat on their faces amongst the withered leaves, the colour of which their bodies are painted to resemble exactly. They generally let a part pass unmolested; and then, rising a little, they take aim, for they are excellent marksmen; and setting up a most tremendous shout, which they call the war-cry, they pour a storm of musquet bullets upon the enemy; for they have long since laid aside the use of arrows: the party attacked, returns the same cry. Every man in haste covers himself with a tree, and returns the fire of an adverse party, as soon as they raise themselves from the ground to give the second fire.

After fighting sometime in this manner, the party which thinks it has the advantage, rushes out of its cover, with small axes in their hands, which they dart with great address and dexterity; they redouble their cries, intimidating their enemies with menaces, and encouraging each other with a boastful display of their own brave actions. Thus being come hand to hand, the contest is soon decided; and the conquerors satiate their savage fury, with the most shocking insults and barbarities to the dead, biting their flesh, tearing the scalp from their heads, and wallowing in their blood like wild beasts.

The fate of their prisoners is the most severe of all. During the greatest part of their journey homewards, they suffer no injury. But when

they arrive at the territories of the conquering state, or at those of their allies, the people from every village meet them, and think they shew their attachment to their friends by their barbarous treatment of the unhappy prisoners; so that when they come to their station, they are wounded and bruised in a terrible manner. The conquerors enter the town in triumph. The war-captain waits upon the head men, and in a low voice gives them a circumstantial account of every particular of the expedition, of the damage the enemy has suffered, and his own losses in it. This done, the public orator relates the whole to the people. Before they yield to the joy which the victory occasions, they lament the friends which they have lost in the pursuit of it. The parties most nearly concerned, are afflicted apparently with a deep and real sorrow. But, by one of those strange turns of the human mind, fashioned to any thing by custom, as if they were disciplined in their grief, upon the signal for rejoicing, in a moment all tears are wiped away from their eyes, and they rush into an extravagance and phrenzy of joy for their victory.

In the mean time the fate of the prisoners remains undecided, until the old men meet, and determine concerning their distribution. It is usual to offer a slave to each house that has lost a friend; giving the preference according to the greatness of the loss. The person who has taken the captive, attends him to the door of the cottage to which he is delivered, and with him gives a belt or wampum, to shew that he has fulfilled the purpose of the expedition, in supplying the loss of a citizen. They view the present which is made them for some time; and according as they think him or her, for it

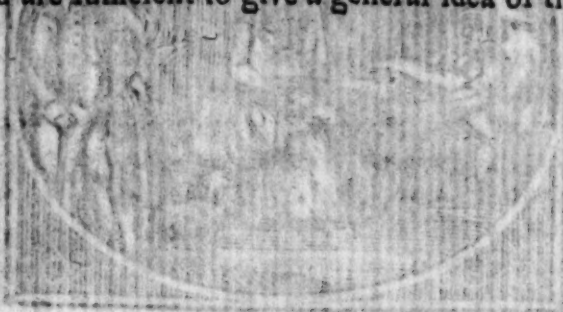
is the same, proper or improper for the business of the family, or as they take a capricious liking or displeasure to the countenance of the victim, or in proportion to their natural barbarity or their resentment for their losses, they destine concerning him, to receive him into the family, or sentence him to death. If the latter, they throw away the belt with indignation. Then it is no longer in the power of any one to save him. The nation is assembled as upon some great solemnity. A scaffold is raised, and the prisoner tied to the stake. Instantly he opens his death song, and prepares for the ensuing scene of cruelty, with the most undaunted courage. On the other side, they prepare to put it to the utmost proof, with every torment, which the mind of man ingenious in mischief can invent.

The prisoners, who have the happiness to please those to whom they are offered, have a fortune altogether opposite to those who are condemned. They are adopted into the family, they are accepted in the place of the father, son, or husband, that is lost; and they have no other mark of their captivity, but that they are not suffered to return to their own nation. To attempt this would be certain death. The principal purpose of the war is to recruit in this manner; for which reason a general, who loses many of his men, though he should conquer, is little better than disgraced at home; because the end of the war was not answered. They are therefore extremely careful of their men, and never chuse to attack but with a very undoubted superiority, either in number or situation.

The scalps, which they value so much, are the trophies of their bravery; with these they adorn their houses, which are esteemed in proportion as this sort of spoils is more numerous.

They

They have solemn days appointed, upon which the young men gain a new name or title from their head-men; and these titles are given according to the qualities of the person, and his performances; of which these scalps are the evidence. This is all the reward they receive for the dangers of the war, and the fatigues of many campaigns, severe almost beyond credit. They think it is abundantly sufficient to have a name given by their governors; men of merit themselves, and judges of it; a name respected by their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. There are many other things fit to engage the curiosity, and even afford matter of instructive reflection, in the manners of this barbarous people; but these seem to be the most striking, and are sufficient to give a general idea of them.

[illegible]

LA ROCHE,
A PATHETIC STORY.

(Anonymous.)

FROM THE MIRROR.



SOME years ago, an English philosopher retired to France, and resided in a little town. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they

they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his Gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Our philosopher was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philosopher and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned and shewed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here, (said the Gouvernante) if he could possibly be moved

moved any where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the Gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Our philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His Gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master, (said the old woman) alas! he is not

not a christian ; but he is the best of unbelievers."

"Not a christian! (exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche) yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't, I would he were a christian!"

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child, (said her father,) which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation ; hence opposers of christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

"But the philosopher, (said his daughter) alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness. She drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God, (said the good La Roche) for my recovery." "That is right." (replied his landlord.)

"I would not wish, (continued the old man, hesitatingly) to think otherwise ; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me, (he clasped the Philosopher's hand) but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment : my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him : it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach

of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

"You say right, my dear sir, (replied the Philosopher) but you are not yet re-established to talk much: you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord, not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him: their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages, for the Philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered

delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those vallies of the Canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Our Philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.

The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The Philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God,"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest.

"That is the signal, (said he) for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means, (answered the Philosopher) I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."—"She is our organist, (said La Roche) our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."

"'Tis an additional inducement," (replied the other) and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as

to

to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The Philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused, it ceased; and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the Philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A Philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father

which art in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend, (said he to the Philosopher) when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am allied to God."

It would have been inhuman in our Philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics
in

in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the Philosopher was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our Philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

"They are not seen in Flanders!" (said Made-moiselle, with a sigh) "That's an odd remark." (said the Philosopher, smiling.) She blushed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence, and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our Philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was
not

not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of the Philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most able dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our Philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why,

why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person cloathed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On the Philosopher's making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La Roche," exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed." The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to the Philosopher; "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Ac-
quainted

quainted with her! good God!—when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?”—“She died, sir, of heart break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.” He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow; thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The Philosopher was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. “Father of mercies! (said he,) forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, “Trust in the Lord, at all times trust in the Lord.” When every other support
fails

fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh) I feel too much myself, and am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience, that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child, too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her, young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence in him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope;

hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth, that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like hers."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Our Philosopher followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh! my friend!" (said he) and his tears burst forth again. Our Philosopher now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hands, "You see my weakness; (said he) 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you, (said the other) in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend, (said he) and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore

restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Our Philosopher's heart was smitten; and he has been heard, long after, to confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.



(4.)

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HISTORI-

HISTORICAL EXAMPLE
OF
INDIAN MAGNANIMITY.

(From *Bessü.*)



THE world has ever considered with the highest veneration, those who have devoted themselves to death, for the glory or safety of their country and friends.

Regulus, Leonidas, the six famous burghers of Calais, with other great examples which occur in history, have in all ages been justly admired, as displaying the greatest nobleness of soul; whilst many particulars of their history have been esteemed fabulous by critics as beyond the powers of human resolution; and yet, in the

the history of those people, whom we call savages, and whom we are too apt indiscriminately to treat with contempt, and consider as incapable of any sentiment above the level of the animal creation; in these we often find instances of greatness of mind which would do honour to the heroism and patriotism of the greatest and most polished nations. Perhaps the following interesting anecdote cannot be paralleled in ancient or modern history; it happened in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and may be considered as authentic, being communicated by M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who then enjoyed a considerable command in that country.

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation, (says this gentleman) who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves, one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans to demand from the French governor the head of the savage who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain; they threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts, on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy

commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner.

“The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose: ‘I am a true man; that is to say, I fear not death; but I lament the fate of my wife and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age; I lament too my father and my mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting: them, however, I recommend to the French; since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.’

“Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to his audience—‘My son is doomed to death; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children: it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them: as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up his tender infants: I am no longer good for any thing: a few years more or less, are to me of small moment; I have lived as a man; I will die as a man;—I therefore take the place of my son.’

“At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man: he embraced them

them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful, and to die rather than to betray any one by mean treachery, unworthy of his blood. 'My death, (concluded he) I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.' Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsmen of the deceased Chactaw; they accepted it; he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

"By this sacrifice, all animosities were forgotten; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed: the young Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father: in taking it up he addressed to it these few words: 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.'—The French who assisted at this tragedy could not contain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son: the young man was most cruelly tortured in order to force him to discover his father, who, not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous, should thus suffer on his account, went and begged them to kill him and save his son; the son conjured them to take his life and spare the age of his father; but the soldiers more barbarous than the savages, butchered them both on the spot."

REPROOF AND REPROACH.

A DREAM.

(*From Addison.*)



What profits us, that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect,
Survey the stars; if like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way.

I WAS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the grovelling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed

placed him, the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised, when two men, who overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of the one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he, whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion. Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tyger. This struck me with terror, which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left

to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which so affrighted me.

As we went along, to inform you, says he, with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but awhile after, Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay beside one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, straight, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs overhead as to exclude the light from it. Here as we walked I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk, the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull fools asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly

formerly erected by Truth for a watch tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancients emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech, and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view, from what it used to appear. Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes and parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out in the form of an horse's, his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation
made

made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened into bills by eternal using; they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with heads of different sorts of serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the faces of crocodiles, their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaning that there should be so much of it in the world, they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and these still were stretching out for more, yet seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of camellions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed as a dunghill cock, he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten almost by every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox,

the

the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the leachers were goats, and the gluttons, swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower ranks of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself. I perceived a concern within me for what I saw; my eyes began to moisten, and as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: you have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourself from that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance,
where

where you see any unworthy and susceptible of admonition; expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious: the Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and indeed it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.

THE
DESTINIES.

A DREAM.

(*From Addison.*)



Intrust thy fortune to the powers above ;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.

IT would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind ; but as misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with a dream, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that
(5.) O famous

famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream:

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of wind, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences; the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures, and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to
destroy

destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up, until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with

virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grew of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures; such as dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies, finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

“ O Jupiter, (says she) we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts
and

and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed."



O3

ALMET

ALMET AND THE STRANGER.

A DERVISE TALE.

(From Dr. Hawkesworth.)

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the East, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly on him, with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence

independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet, (said the Stranger) thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me. For this purpose I am come; a purpose which yet I fear to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.”

Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out his hands towards heaven, “ Stranger, (said he) the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.”

As I was sitting once at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eyes wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy. If to produce happiness,

ness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the tincture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those, to whom custom has rendered them familiar? Or, can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the deserts; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, nor variety of images, relieve the traveller from a sense of toil and danger; of whirlwinds, which in a moment may bury him in the sand; and of thirst, which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour. If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! And if there is indeed such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burnt within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof.

When

When I ſaw him I was afraid. I caſt my eyes upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. “ Almet, (ſaid he) thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy council might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter preſumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou haſt read without underſtanding. It is again open before thee; look up, conſider it, and be wiſe.”

I looked up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradife, but of ſmall extent. Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end, a wild deſert; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty. On the one ſide flowed a gentle transparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſand that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other, were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along this walk, with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſert that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forward by ſome inviſible

visible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion.

I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense, but he prevented my request. "The book of nature, (said he) is before thee, look up, consider it, and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren: on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade. The sun burnt in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active. He kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence. Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short, as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he passed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again towards the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request. "Almet, (said he) remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial

morial be written upon the tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happineſs depends not upon the path, but the end; the value of this period of thy exiſtence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to linger in the gardens, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe he was deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of loſing that which he did not enjoy. The ſong of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo often recurred, that their beauty was not ſeen; the river glided by unnoticed, and he feared to liſt his eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould behold the waſte that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, becauſe he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in compariſon of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

“What then has eternal wiſdom unequally diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which every ſtation muſt be wretched, is acquired by Virtue; and Virtue is poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, the viſion which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayeſt direct the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify God to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was gone down, the
multitude

multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake alone, but for thine; thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris; but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the Stranger departed in peace.

THE
HISTORY OF TEN DAYS OF SEGED.

AN ETHIOPIAN TALE.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



Of heaven's protection who can be
So confident to utter this——
To-morrow I will spend in bliss

F. LEWIS.

SEGED, Lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: to the sons of Presumption, Humility and Fear; and to the daughters of Sorrow, Content and Acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile: ' At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the
(5.) P jealousies

jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to festivity and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety; why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the Lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. 'I will retire, (says he) for ten days, from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my

my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied.'

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region, Seged summoned all the persons of his court who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landed here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. 'Such, (said Seged, sighing) is the longest day of human existence: before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end.'

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear
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in the presence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter; and after many attempts to animate his train to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but

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was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the present in lamenting the past was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Sejed again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

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HISTORY OF TEN DAYS OF SEGED.

(Continued.)

AN ETHIOPIAN TALE.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



On fickle wings the minutes haste,
And fortune's favours never last.

ON the fourth morning, Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart—'This day shall be a day of pleasure.' The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales

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gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment, and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident or vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day might easily be prevented by future caution.

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That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantries, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the anti-chamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now fear and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last

178 *The History of Ten Days of Seged, continued.*

last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint; and thinking that, on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowds; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. 'Behold here (said Seged) the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others.' He then retired to meditate, and while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next day renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased in his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency through the whole court, and the emperor

emperor imagined that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: 'What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him; a man whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves.' This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what was spoken without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goiama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for
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the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awaked early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cause, was told that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and called the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

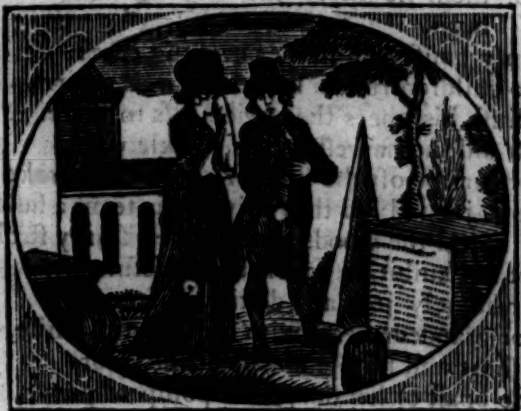
Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say—*'This day shall be a day of happiness.'*

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

(From Gray.)

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
 sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

(5.)

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Beneath

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,

Or busy housewife fly her evening care:

No children run to lip their fire's return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team a field!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol,
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.
Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone,
Their growing virtues, but their crimes can find;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their names, their years, spelt by th' un-
letter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:

And many a holy text around he strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die:
 — For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 ' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he
 ' stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that bubbles by;
 ' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 ' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 ' The next with dirges due in sad array,
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 ' borne,
 ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the
 ' lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



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OF

OF THE DIFFERENT
FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

AN HISTORICAL EXTRACT.

(*From Ferguson.*)



THE ancient philosophers treated of government commonly under three heads; the democratic, the aristocratic, and the despotic. Their attention was chiefly occupied with the varieties of republican government; and they paid little regard to a very important distinction, which Mr. Montesquieu has made between despotism and monarchy. He too has considered government as reducible to three general forms; and, to understand the nature of each he observes, "It is sufficient to recal ideas which are familiar with

with men of the least reflection, who admit three definitions, or rather three facts: that a republic is a state in which the people in a collective body, or a part of the people, possess the sovereign power: that monarchy is that in which one man governs, according to fixed and determinate laws: and a despotism is that in which one man, without law or rule of administration, by the mere impulse of will or caprice, decides, and carries every thing before him."

Republics admit of a very material distinction, which is pointed out in the general definition; that between democracy and aristocracy. In the first, supreme power remains in the hands of the collective body. Every office of magistracy, at the nomination of this sovereign, is open to every citizen, who, in the discharge of his duty, becomes the minister of the people, and accountable to them for every object of his trust.

In the second, the sovereignty is lodged in a particular class, or order of men; who being once named, continue for life, or by the hereditary distinctions of birth and fortune, are advanced to a station of permanent superiority. From this order, and by their nomination, all the offices of magistracy are filled; and in the different assemblies which they constitute, whatever relates to the legislation, the execution, or jurisdiction, is finally determined.

Mr. Montesquieu has pointed out the sentiments or maxims, from which men must be supposed to act under these different governments.

In democracy they must love equality; they must respect the rights of their fellow-citizens; they must unite by the common ties of affection to the state. In forming personal pretensions, they must be satisfied with that degree of con-

sideration

sideration they can procure by their abilities, fairly measured with those of an opponent: they must labour for the public without hope or profit; they must reject every attempt to create a personal dependence. Candour, force, and elevation of mind, in short, are the props of democracy; and virtue is the principle of conduct required to its preservation.

How beautiful a pre-eminence on the side of popular government! And how ardently should mankind wish for the form, if it tended to establish the principle, or were in every instance a sure indication of its preservation.

But perhaps we must have possessed the principle, in order, with any hopes of advantage, to receive the form; and where the first is entirely extinguished, the other may be fraught with evil, if any additional evil deserves to be shunned where men are already unhappy.

At Constantinople or Algiers, it is a miserable spectacle when men pretend to act on a foot of equality: they only mean to shake off the restraints of government, and to seize as much as they can of that spoil, which in ordinary times, is ingrossed by the master they serve.

It is one advantage of democracy, that the principal ground of distinction being personal qualities, men are classed according to their abilities, and to the merit of their actions. Though all have equal pretensions to power, yet the state is actually governed by a few. The majority of the people, even in their capacity of sovereign, only pretend to employ their senses, to feel, when oppressed by national inconveniences, or threatened by public dangers; and with the ardour which is apt to arise in crowded assemblies, to urge the pursuits in which they
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are engaged, or to repel the attacks with which they are menaced.

The most perfect equality of rights can never exclude the ascendant of superior minds, nor the assemblies of a collective body to govern without the direction of select councils. On this account, popular governments may be confounded with aristocracy. But this alone does not constitute the character of aristocratical government. Here the members of the state are divided, at least, into two classes; of which one is destined to command, the other to obey. No merits or defects can raise or sink a person from one class to the other. The only effect of a personal character is, to procure the individual a suitable degree of consideration with his own order, not to vary his rank. In one situation he is taught to assume, in another to yield the pre-eminence. He occupies the station of patron or client, and is either the sovereign or the subject of his country. The whole citizens may unite in executing the plans of state, but never in deliberating on its measures, or enacting its laws. What belongs to the whole people under democracy, is here confined to a part. Members of the superior order are among themselves, possibly, classed according to their abilities, but retain a perpetual ascendant over those of inferior station. They are at once the servants and the masters of the state, and pay with their personal attendance and with their blood, for the civil or military honours they enjoy.

To maintain for himself, and to admit in his fellow-citizen, a perfect equality of privilege and station, is no longer the leading maxim of the member of such a community. The rights of men are modified by their condition. One order claims more than it is willing to yield; the other must

must be ready to yield what it does not assume to itself: and it is with good reason that Mr. Montesquieu gives to the principle of such governments the name of moderation, not of virtue.

The elevation of one class is a moderated arrogance, the submission of the other a limited deference. The first must be careful, by concealing the invidious part of their distinction, to palliate what is grievous in the public arrangement, and by their education, their cultivated manners, and improved talents, to appear qualified for stations they occupy. The other must be taught to yield from respect and personal attachment, what could not otherwise be extorted by force. When this moderation fails on either side, the constitution totters. A populace enraged to mutiny, may claim the right of equality to which they are admitted in democratical states; or a nobility bent on dominion, may chuse among themselves, or find already pointed out to them, a sovereign, who, by advantages of fortune, popularity, or abilities, is ready to seize for his own family that envied power, which has already carried his order beyond the limits of moderation, and infected particular men with a boundless ambition.

Monarchies have accordingly been found with the recent marks of aristocracy. There, however, the monarch is only the first among the nobles; he must be satisfied with a limited power; his subjects are ranged into classes; he finds on every quarter a pretence to privilege, that circumscribes his authority; and he finds a force sufficient to confine his administration within certain bounds of equity and determinate laws.

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Under such governments, however, the love of equality is preposterous, and moderation, itself is unnecessary. The object of every rank is precedence, and every order may display its advantages to their full extent. The sovereign himself owes great part of his authority to the sounding titles and the dazzling equipage, which he exhibits in public. The subordinate ranks lay claim to importance by a like exhibition, and for that purpose, carry in every instant the ensigns of their birth, or the ornaments of their fortune. What else could mark out to the individual, the relation in which he stands to his fellow subjects, or distinguish the numberless ranks that fill up the interval between the state of the sovereign and that of the peasant? Or what else could, in states of a great extent, preserve any appearance of order, among members disunited by ambition and interest, and destined to form a community, without the sense of any common concern?

Monarchies are generally found, where the estate is enlarged in population and territory, beyond the numbers and dimensions that are consistent with republican government. Together with these circumstances, great inequalities arise in the distribution of property; and the desire of pre-eminence becomes the predominant passion. Every rank would exercise its prerogative, and the sovereign is perpetually tempted to enlarge his own; if subjects, who despair of precedence, plead for equality, he is willing to favour their claims, and to aid them in procuring what must weaken a force, with which he himself is, on many occasions, obliged to contend. In the event of such a policy, many invidious distinctions and grievances peculiar to monarchical government, may, in appearance,

pearance, be removed; but the state of equality to which the subjects approach, is that of slaves, equally dependent on the will of a master, not that of freemen, in a condition to maintain their own.

The principle of monarchy, according to Montesquieu, is honour. Men may possess good qualities, elevation of mind and fortitude; but the sense of equality, that will bear no encroachment on the personal rights of the meanest citizen; the indignant spirit that will not court a protection, nor accept as a favour, what is due as a right; the public affection, which is founded on the neglect of personal considerations, are neither consistent with the preservation of the constitution, nor agreeable to the habits acquired in any station assigned to its members.

Every condition is possessed of peculiar dignity, and points out a propriety of conduct, which men of station are obliged to maintain. In the commerce of superiors and inferiors, it is the object of ambition, and of vanity, to refine on the advantages of rank; while, to facilitate the intercourse of polite society, it is the aim of good breeding to disguise or reject them.

Though the objects of consideration are rather the dignities of station than personal qualities; though friendship cannot be formed, by mere inclination, nor alliances by the mere choice of the heart; yet men so united, and even without changing their order, are highly susceptible of moral excellence, or are liable to many different degrees of corruption. They may act a vigorous part as members of the state, an amiable one in the commerce of private society; or they may yield up their dignity as citizens, even while they raise their arrogance and presumption as private parties.

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In monarchy, all orders of men derive their honours from the crown, but they continue to hold them as a right, and they exercise a subordinate power in the state, founded on the permanent rank they enjoy, and on the attachment of those whom they are appointed to lead and protect. Though they do not force themselves into national councils and public assemblies, and though the name of senate is unknown, yet the sentiments they adopt must have weight with the sovereign; and every individual, in his separate capacity, in some measure, deliberates for his country. In whatever does not derogate from his rank, he has an arm ready to serve the community; in whatever alarms his sense of honour, he has aversions and dislikes, which amount to a negative on the will of his prince.

Entangled together by the reciprocal ties of dependance and protection, though not combined by the sense of a common interest, the subjects of monarchy, like those of republics, find themselves occupied as the members of an active society, and engage to treat with their fellow creatures on a liberal footing. If those principles of honour, which save the individual from servility in his own person, or from becoming an engine of oppression in the hands of another, should fail; if they should give way to the maxims of commerce to the refinements of a supposed philosophy, or to the misplaced ardours of a republican spirit; if they are betrayed by the cowardice of subjects, or subdued by the ambition of princes; what must become of the nations of Europe?

Despotism is monarchy corrupted, in which a court and a prince in appearance remain, but in which, every subordinate rank is destroyed; in which the subject is told, that he has no rights;

that he cannot possess any property, nor fill any station, independent of the momentary will of his prince. These doctrines are founded on the maxims of conquest; they must be inculcated with the whip and the sword; and are best received under the terror of chains and imprisonment. Fear, therefore, is the principle which qualifies the subject to occupy his station; and the sovereign, who holds out the ensigns of terror so freely to others, has abundant reason to give this passion a principal place with himself. That tenure which he has devised for the rights of others, is soon applied to his own; and from his eager desire to secure, or to extend his power, he finds it become, like the fortunes of his people, a creature of mere imagination and unsettled caprice.

Whilst we thus, with so much accuracy, can assign the ideal limits that may distinguish constitutions of government, we find them in reality, both in respect to the principle and the form, variously blended together. In what society are not men classed by external distinctions, as well as personal qualities? In what state are they not actuated by a variety of principles, justice, honour, moderation, and fear. It is the purpose of science, not to disguise this confusion in its object, but, in the multiplicity and combination of particulars, to find the principal points which deserve our attention; and which, being well understood, save us from the embarrassment which the varieties of singular cases might otherwise create. In the same degree in which governments require men to act from principles of virtue, of honour, or of fear, they are more or less fully comprised under the heads of republic, monarchy, or despotism, and the general

ral theory is more or less applicable to their particular case.

Forms of government, in fact, mutually approach or recede by many, and often insensible, gradations. Democracy, by admitting certain inequalities of rank, approaches to aristocracy. In popular, as well as aristocratical governments, particular men, by their personal authority, and sometimes by the credit of their family, have maintained a species of monarchial power. The monarch is limited in different degrees: even the despotic prince is only that monarch whose subjects claim the fewest privileges, or who is himself best prepared to subdue them by force. All these varieties are but steps in the history of mankind, and mark the fleeting and transient situations through which they have passed, while supported by virtue, or depressed by vice.

Perfect democracy and despotism appear to be the opposite extremes to which constitutions of government are sometimes carried. Under the first, a perfect virtue is required; under the second, a total corruption is supposed: yet in point of mere form, there being nothing fixed in the ranks and distinctions of men, beyond the casual and temporary possession of power, societies easily pass from a condition in which every individual has an equal title to reign, into one in which they are equally destined to serve. The same qualities in both, courage, popularity, address, and military conduct, raise the ambitious to eminence. With these qualities, the citizen or the slave easily passes from the ranks, to the command of an army; from an obscure to an illustrious station. In either, a single person may rule with unlimited sway; and in both, the populace may break down every barrier of order, and restraint of law.

If we suppose, that the equality established among the subjects of a despotic state, has inspired its members with confidence, intrepidity, and the love of justice; the despotic prince, having ceased to be an object of fear, must sink among the crowd. If, on the contrary, the personal equality, which is enjoyed by the members of a democratical state, should be valued merely as an equal pretension to the objects of avarice and ambition, the monarch may start up anew, and be supported by those who mean to share in his profits. When the covetous and mercenary assemble in parties, it is of no consequence under what leader they enlist, whether Cæsar or Pompey; the hopes of rapine or power are the only motives, from which they become attached to either.

In the disorder of corrupted societies, the scene has been frequently changed from democracy to despotism, and from the last too, in its turn, to the first. From amidst the democracy of corrupt men, and a from a scene of lawless confusion, the tyrant ascends a throne with arms reeking in blood. But his abuses or his weaknesses, in the station he has gained, in their turn awaken, and give way to the spirit of mutiny and revenge. The cries of murder and desolation, which in the ordinary course of military government, terrified the subject in his private retreat, are carried through the vaults, and made to pierce the grates and iron doors of the seraglio. Democracy seems to revive in a scene of wild disorder and tumult; but both the extremes are but the transient fits of paroxysm or langour in a distempered estate.

If men be any where arrived at this measure of depravity, there appears no immediate hope of redress. Neither the ascendancy of the multitude

itude, nor that of the tyrant, will secure the administration of justice, neither the licence of mere tumult, nor the calm of dejection and servitude, will teach the citizen that he was born for candour and affection to his fellow-creatures. And if the speculative would find that habitual state of war, which they are sometimes pleased to honour with the name of the State of Nature, they will find it in the contest that subsists between the despotical prince and his subjects, not in the first approaches of a rude and simple tribe, to the condition and the domestic arrangement of nations.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR.

A DREAM.

(From Dr. Hawkeſworth.)

Each inly murm'ring at the unequal mead,
Repines that merit should reward exceed.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the English language less understood than Honour, and but few that might not have been equally mistaken without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end; as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and, therefore, necessarily includes it; as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can

can be deſerved only by thoſe actions which no other principle can produce. To ſay of another that he is a man of honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward; but, in the common acceptation of the word, Honour, as a principle, does not include virtue, and therefore as a reward, is frequently beſtowed on vice. Such, indeed, is the blindneſs and vaffalage of human reaſon, that men are diſcouraged from virtue by the fear of ſhame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in ſpecious terms, but the facts upon which the claim is founded are often flagitiouſly wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady, who had put herſelf under his protection, from inſult, at the riſque of his life. And Alecto, for fulfilling an engagement to which the law would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had firſt ſeduced her to adultery, and, to preſerve her from the reſentment of her huſband, had killed him in a duel; and the martyr to his promiſe had paid a ſum, which ſhould have diſcharged the bill of a neceſſitous tradesman, to a gameſter of quality, who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumſtances ſhould abſtain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided, as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In theſe ſpeculations, I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago, and at length, ſinking into ſlumber, I was immediately tranſported into the regions of fancy.

As I was ſitting penſive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whoſe appearance was extremely venerable,

venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the genius of Instruction. I therefore instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will; but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand, "Linger not, (said he) lest the hour of illumination be at an end." We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit, he stood still. "Survey the prospect, (said he) and tell me what thou seest." "To the right, (replied I) is a long valley, and on the left, a boundless plain; at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit, a brightness which I cannot yet steadfastly behold." "In that valley, (said he,) the disciples of Virtue press forward; and the votaries of Vice wander on the plain. In the path of Virtue are many asperities; the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. The plain is adorned with flowers which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is transient, and the fragrance hurtful: the ground is soft and level, and the paths are so various, that the turf is nowhere worn away: but above is a perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowsiness, lassitude and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the Temple of Honour.

But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain: her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour
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of the vigorous and the bold; to deſiſt, is the irreproachable repoſe of the timid and the weary. To thoſe, however, who have ſurmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the Temple have not always been opened; nor againſt thoſe by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been ſhut: the declivity of the mountain on the other ſide, is gradual and eaſy; and by the appointment of fate, the entrance to the Temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth; but was ſoon perverted by Prejudice and Cuſtom: ſhe admitted many who aſcended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected ſome who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. Theſe, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in ſilence, or exulting with honeſt pride in the conſciouſneſs of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and diſdain; and ſmiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witneſs of that labour of which they had been reſuſed the reward.

But the crowd within the Temple became diſcontented and tumultuous: the diſciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmoſt efforts of human power, made ſome attempts to expel thoſe who had ſtrolled negligently up the ſlope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the Temple and diſgrace the aſſembly: thoſe whoſe right was diſputed, were, however, all ready to decide the controverſy by the ſword; and as they dreaded ſcarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated thoſe with great inſolence who declined this deciſion, and yet would not admit their claim."

This conſuſion and uproar was beheld by the Goddeſs with indignation and regret: ſhe flew to
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the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself at his feet. "Great ruler of the world, (said she) if I have erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue, animate them to communicate happiness at the expence of life, let it not be perverted to render vice presumptuous, nor possessed by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion of calamity." Jupiter graciously touched the Goddess with his sceptre, and replied, "That the appointment of fate he could not reverse, that admission to her Temple must still depend upon Opinion; but that he would depute Reason to examine her conduct, and, if possible, put her again under the influence of Truth."

Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the Temple. At the first appearance of Reason, contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation: but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour; and he that spoke loudest, hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the Temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access: but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain; and that at least, the path by which they had ascended it, was

was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others, and to prevent the tedious labour of deducing Truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

But it ſoon appeared, that Opinion ſcarce knew one path from the other; and that ſhe neither determined to admit or reſuſe upon certain principles, or diſcriminating knowledge. Reaſon, however, ſtill continued to examine her; and that ſhe might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account ſhe would give of a known character, aſked her, which ſide of the mountain was aſcended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood: ſhe answered, without hesitation, “ The ſide of Virtue; that ſhe knew ſhe was not miſtaken, becauſe ſhe ſaw him in the path at a great diſtance, and remarked, that no man had ever aſcended with ſuch impetuous ſpeed.” As Reaſon knew this account to be falſe, ſhe ordered Opinion to be diſmiſſed, and proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themſelves. Reaſon found the account of many to be in the higheſt degree extravagant and abſurd; ſome, as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, deſcribed proſpects that appeared from the oppoſite ſide of the mountain; and others affirmed, that the path was ſmooth and level, and that many had walked it without ſtumbling, when they were ſcarce awake; and others, when they were intoxicated with wine.

Upon the foreheads of all theſe, Reaſon impreſſed a mark of reprobation: and as ſhe could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, ſhe delivered them over to Time, to whom ſhe knew Opinion had always paid great deference,

rence, and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determination by the judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdity of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts: by him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension, and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

"Time (continued my instructor) still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who have been rejected, and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated."

"How then, (said I) shall Honour distinguish those whom she wishes to reward." "They shall be distinguished, (replied the visionary Sage) in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer them to be finally disappointed."

While I was listening to this reply with my eyes fixed stedfastly upon the Temple, it suddenly disappeared: the black cloud that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which

which I ſtood began to ſink under me, and the ſtart of ſudden terror, as I deſcended, awakened me.

THE
HILL OF SCIENCE.

A VISION.

(*From Miſs Aikin.*)



IN that ſeaſon of the year, when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and diſpoſe of it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till Cu-

riosity began to give way to weariness, and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared. The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain, was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds,

About half way up the hill I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, crofs alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the Wood of Error; and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it calling to each other, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

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them was the Dark Walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasing romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle upon the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road that his feeblers companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in excentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites,

petites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were most severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the Hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away without resistance to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Among the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withers the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet,

feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom as they glided down the Stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where the startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment, when their tyrants were languid and asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the Goddess seemed to spread a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the croud of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell.

cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am always present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the Goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.



AMURATH,

**AMURATH,
SULTAN OF THE EAST,**

OR,

THE REMONSTRANCE OF CONSCIENCE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

(Anonymous.)



AMURATH, Sultan of the East, the Judge of Nations, the Disciple of Adversity, records the wonders of his life; let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin, my father, and his empire descended

scended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendour of dominion, I heard the address of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependant greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and as I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to Heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave; I prostrated myself on his tomb; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotions kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am, (said he) the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest; resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring, (said he) shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that without weighing remote consequences thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition, and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from

from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right; keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon, I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business; my melancholy decreased, as my mind was diverted to other objects; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field, I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand; but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away, and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, its colour was abated.

I was struck with surprise and regret; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain.

"Shall not the Sultan Amurath, (said I) to whom

whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right." My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale; immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

"Amurath, (said he) thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being, who like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee; but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the law of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion; I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demand of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation; confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but as an equal, because the conversation would otherwise
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be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But tho' I affected to throw off the trappings of loyalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them, I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg, my visier, who endeavoured to prevail on the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive, that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible; I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment, but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered; the visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective; at length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "Amurath, (said he) if the Sultan should know, after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with

with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage; I started up, and spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poignard, when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived, with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularity of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimation of my ring became proportionally more frequent, though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended, and conceived that it was only contrived to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good. I thereupon drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation; immediately the air grew dark, a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words; "Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being; thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious." He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the

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midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. In this state I remained some time, with all my manly powers of thinking, I was at length caught by a slave who threw a net over me, and was dragged to my own city, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who, the day before, would have hid themselves at my presence, and where I found Alibeg reigned in my stead. Syndarac soon had compassion for my sufferings in this state, and I shortly made my escape in the form of a dog.

I thanked Heaven for this change, but it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power, who had once brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

After I had remained in this state some time, I was changed by the favour of Syndarac, into the form of a dove, I immediately flew till I alighted near the mouth of a cave, which I silently entered, and by the light of a lamp at a distance discovered a hermit, whom I shortly knew to be the Genius Syndarac, who had taught me happiness by affliction. I immediately resumed my form, and Syndarac conducted me to my city. I was received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations, and my reign was prolonged in prosperity.

ON

ON MISSENT TIME.

A DREAM.

(From Addison.)

HAVING been led into a train of thought, on mispent time, I fell into a profound sleep ; when methought I was conveyed into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus ; on his right hand the keeper of Elysium. He asked every one of those who were brought before him the same question, what they had been doing ? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared upon one another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Sir, said he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years ; what have you been doing there

all this while? Doing, says he, really I do not know what I have been doing. I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, he told him that he had passed his time in playing at cards, upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take him into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman; well mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? If it please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and whom I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he; but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing

observing an ingenious modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman of a proud and sour look, presented herself next to the bar, and being asked, what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of the people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why, truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are four score; you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir, says she, I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her, in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband, who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that was good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than

I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full beauty. A young woman observing that the officer who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautificer, longed to be in his hand; so that, pressing through the crowd, she was the next who appeared at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years she had been in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and to gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up may-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person was lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great, that it awakened me.

CARAZAN,

CARAZAN,
MERCHANT OF BAGDAT.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



CARAZAN, the Merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth. His origin is obscure as that of the spark, which by collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold; or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he

he discovered his own importance by increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer. He performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which rises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was mortal to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity, the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by, though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the hungry, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like

like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy, and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty, and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He hath ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, as his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I found myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom between; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight, and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my duty of probation was past, and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, my confidence totally forsook me, and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion, and chilled with horror,

horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God ; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the love of man : for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due ; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast beheld indeed vice and folly ; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven ? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew ? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of Autumn diffuse plenty ? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with an hand of iron ; thou hast lived for thyself, and, therefore, henceforth for ever shalt thou subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven ; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horror of despair.”

At this moment I was driven, by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deeper before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude and darkness ! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire, “ Oh ! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! there society would have

have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the glimmering of light was quenched into utter darkness. The agonies of despair encreased every moment, as every moment augmented my distance from the habitable world.

I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still for ever and ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an extasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude was struck at once with the precept and the example; and the Caliph, to whom the event

event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

THE SEASONS.

AN ALLEGORY.

(From Addison.)



THERE is hardly any thing gives a more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice, when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately arose from my couch,
and

and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass plats, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yew trees, and on the either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right, divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of allies and arbours; and on the left, from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the great receptacle of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is I believe the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought.

Sweet bird! that shun'st the noise of folly,

Most musical! most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,

I woo to hear thy evening song:

And missing here, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering moon

Riding near her highest noon,

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Like

Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.

Then let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave with his wings in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath.
Sent by spirits to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

I reflected on the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the Seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle. And oh! said I, that I could from these return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible; all that remains within my power, is to soften the inconveniences I feel, with an easy and contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights, as this solitude affords me. In this thought, I sat me down on a bank of flowers and dropt into a slumber, which whether it were the effects of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay, this drama, and different scenes of the revolutions of the year represented in persons, who exhibited the various stages of nature and of human life.

The first person whom I saw advancing towards me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, tho' he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it

it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was cloathed in a flowing mantle of green silk interwoven with flowers; he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprung up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk; after this I was surpris'd to see the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man compleatly armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the spring. He made way for a softer appearance; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own cestus, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loos'd, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was methought in his look a louring roughness, which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle. He smoothed his brow, and looked up with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him. His look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May attended by

Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow. As he passed by, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, and gentle extacies, vows of constancy, and as many complainings of perfidiousness; all which the wind wasted away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age; his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him. He advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings; he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable, the one was Aurora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in grey; the other was Vesper in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honey-suckles and tuberoses, which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and grey; he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast,

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not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hand. Plenty walked by his side with an healthful fresh countenance, pouring out from an horn all the various products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all solid with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age; the hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus the God of Revels, and Necessity, the Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things which most surprised me; as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen; on the fore-part of his mantle was pictured, Joy, Delight, and Satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me, I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face; his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs ap-

peared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented, Murder with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody, Anger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity, was Vesta the Goddess of Fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest, all in furs; there was little distinction to be made among them, and they were more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.

THE

THE
CHOICE OF HERCULES.

A POEM.

(From Shenstone.)



I.

NOW had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime ; when youth elate and gay,
Steps into life ; and follows unrestrain'd
Where passions lead, or prudence points the way :
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
root ;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees ; fair bloom of fairest fruit ;
For, if on youth's untainted thought impress,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly
breast.

II. As

II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
 For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
 Retirement ; nurse of contemplation sage ;
 Step following step, and thought succeeding
 thought ;
 Musing with steady pace the youth pursued
 His walk ; and lost in meditation stray'd
 Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
 Converſing ; while intent his mind survey'd
 The dubious path of life : before him lay
 Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's
 flow'ry way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind ;
 Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst
 of fame ;
 Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
 His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
 When lo ! far off two female forms he spies ;
 Direct to him their steps they seem to bear ;
 Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;
 Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
 Graceful, yet each with different grace they move,
 This, striking sacred awe ; that, softer, winning
 love.

IV.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd ;
 Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more ;
 Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast ;
 A vest, more white than the new fall'n snow
 she wore.
 August she trod, yet modest was her air ;
 Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire ;
 Still she drew near, and nearer still more fair,
 More mild appeared ; yet such as might inspire
 Pleasure

Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

V.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;
But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye ;
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view,
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danced along ; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seemed to shade ;
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature shew'd more tall ; more snowy white
her skin.

VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw ;
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,
With freedom bland, the wand'ring youth
address'd.
With winning fondness on his neck she hung,
Sweet as the honey dew flow'd her enchanting
tongue.

VII.

• Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?
• Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract
thy mind ?
• Securely follow, where I lead the way ;
• And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
• With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
• Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease ;
Rough

- ' Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
- ' Smooth is my way and all my paths are peace.
- ' With me retire from toils and perils free,
- ' Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

VIII.

- ' Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
- ' All that may charm thine ear and please thy sight,
- ' All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
- ' To sleep thy ravish'd senses in delight.
- ' The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
- ' Fittest to tune the melting soul to love;
- ' Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
- ' The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
- ' Fresh flowers to strew thy couch, and crown thy head;
- ' Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

IX.

- ' These will I freely, constantly supply,
- ' Pleasures not earn'd with toil nor mix'd with woe;
- ' Far from thy rest repining want shall fly;
- ' Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
- ' Mature the copious harvest shall be thine;
- ' Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
- ' Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win;
- ' Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil;
- ' These softer cares, my blest allies employ,
- ' New pleasures to invent, to wish and to enjoy.'

X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught,
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid,

Still

Still gaz'd and listen'd, then her name besought;
My name, fair youth, is Happiness she said.
Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain;
They share my bliss; they best can speak my
praise;
Tho' Slander call me Sloth, detraction vain,
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor says;
Slander still prompt true merit to defame;
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
name.

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid;
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd) 'Know Hercules,' she said
With manly tone, 'thy birth of heav'nly race;
'Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
'Promised thee generous, patient, brave and
wife;
'When manhood should confirm thy glorious
choice;
'Now expectation waits to see thee rise;
'Rise youth! exalt thyself, and me; approve
'Thy high descent from Heav'n; and dare be
worthy Jove.

XII.

'But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
disguise;
'The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd;
'Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
'Propos'd by Heav'n; true bliss and real good.
'Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
'She spurns the timorous, indolent and base;
'Danger and toil stand stern before her throne;
'And guard, (so Jove commands) the sacred
place.

'Who

' Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
' And pay the price of fame; labour and care
and pain.

XIII.

' Would'st thou engage the Gods' peculiar care?
' O, Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!
' With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r
' Attend their altars; and their aid implore.
' Or would'st thou gain thy country's loud ap-
plause,
' Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
' Be thou the bold assertor of her cause;
' Her voice in council; in the fight her sword.
' In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
' For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy
generous blood.

XIV.

' Would'st thou to quell the proud and lift the
oppress,
' In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
' First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
' To each soft thought of pleasure bid farewell.
' The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
' In watches; waste in painful march, the day;
' Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows;
' Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst, in flaming
ray;
' Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might;
' Vigour shall brace thy arm, resistless in the fight.

XV.

' Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must
engage?
' What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
prove?
' (Abrupt says Sloth) Ill fit thy tender age,
' Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.
' Turn

- ‘ Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy,
‘ To these I lead; no monsters here shall stay
‘ Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy,
‘ I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.
‘ Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain;
‘ Turn, gentle youth! with me eternal pleasures
 reign.

XVI.

- ‘ What pleasures, vain, mistaken wretch, are
 thine?
‘ (Virtue with scorn replied :) Who sleep’st in
 ease
‘ Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline,
‘ That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment
 please.
‘ Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;
‘ Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite;
‘ Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
‘ Whom luxury supplies with appetite.
‘ Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain
‘ Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

XVII.

- ‘ The sparkling nectar, cool’d with summer
 snows,
‘ The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
‘ To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
‘ Flies from the flow’ry couch and downy bed.
‘ For thou art only tir’d with indolence;
‘ Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought;
‘ The imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense
‘ In dull oblivion’s interval of thought.
‘ That kindly steals th’ inactive hours away
‘ From the long, ling’ring space, that lengthens
 out the day.

XVIII.

- ' From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
 ' Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;
 ' Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours,
 ' Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy
 nights.
 ' Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
 ' Hurl'd thee from heaven, the immortal's
 blissful place;
 ' For ever banish'd from the realms above,
 ' To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate
 race.
 ' Fitter abode! On earth alike disgrac'd;
 ' Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

XIX.

- ' Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight,
 ' To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee!
 ' Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
 ' Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
 ' Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
 ' Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays,
 ' Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
 song,
 ' Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy
 praise.
 ' No—to thy revels let the fool repair;
 ' To such, go smooth thy speech, and spread thy
 tempting snare.

XX.

- ' Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
 ' A youth, of follies; and old age, of cares;
 ' Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
 ' Vice wastes their vigour, and their minds
 impairs.

' Vain,

- ‘ Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
- ‘ Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;
- ‘ All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days
- ‘ With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
- ‘ Griev’d, with the present ; of the past, ashamed ;
- ‘ They live, and are despis’d ; they die, nor more are nam’d.

XXI.

- ‘ But with the gods and god-like men I dwell ;
- ‘ Me, his supreme delight, th’ almighty fire
- ‘ Regards well pleas’d ; whatever works excel,
- ‘ All, or divine or human, I inspire.
- ‘ Council with strength, and industry with art,
- ‘ In union meet conjoin’d, with me reside ;
- ‘ My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart ;
- ‘ The surest policy, the wisest guide.
- ‘ With me, true friendship dwells ; she deigns to bind
- ‘ Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join’d.

XXII.

- ‘ Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;
- ‘ Hunger to them th’ effects of art supplies ;
- ‘ Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ;
- ‘ Sweet is their sleep ; light, chearful, strong, they rise.
- ‘ Thro’ health, thro’ joy, thro’ pleasure and renown,
- ‘ They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,
- ‘ At length to age all gently sinking down,
- ‘ Look back with transport on a life well-spent.
- ‘ In which, no hour flew unimprov’d away ;
- ‘ In which, some generous deed distinguish’d every day.

X 2

XXIII.

XXIII.

' And when, the destin'd term at length complete,
 ' Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
 ' Sounds wide their praise, triumphant over fate,
 ' In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
 ' This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
 ' My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
 ' Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the
 way
 ' That leads to fame, and raises thee from
 earth.
 ' Immortal! lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
 ' Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native
 skies.

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
 The generous flame; with great intent his heart
 Swells full, and labours with exalted thought;
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light,
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld,
 Unveil'd, she stood confess'd before his sight,
 False Syren!—All her vaunted charms that shone
 So fresh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale,
 and gone.

XXV.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
 Marks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd
 grace
 Leaves her wan cheek, pale sickness clouds her
 eyes,
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
 As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
 Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
 And from our wonder gently steal away.

Where

Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so
bright,
Now lowers the laughing cloud, all gloomy to
the sight.

XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging, all the while
Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more se-
rene,
Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
Soft'n'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
'Lead, goddess, I am thine; (transported cry'd
'Alcides) O, propitious pow'r, thy way
'Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide;
'From thee, O never, never let me stray.'
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
breast.

XXVII.

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd
His daring soul; there all her powers combin'd;
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
From fiercest monsters, through his pow'rful aid,
He freed the earth; through her he gain'd the
skies.

'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth; among the gods,
A god.

MARRATON AND YARATILDA,

AN

INDIAN TRADITIONARY TALE.

(From Addison.)

THE Indians of America believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason, they always place by the corpse of their dead friend, a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them

them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this.

Marraton, an American, is said by them to have descended, in a vision, by means of an aperture in a rock, to the great repository of souls, and that having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of the world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand, but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest, when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades.

He

He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and breaks was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed, and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any resistance against flesh and blood. With this thought, he resolved to travel through this intricate wood, when, by degrees, he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees, covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after, heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long, before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be a young prince who had died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be
represented

represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts, with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which, in the Indian language, they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greater variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country; but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time, to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

Marraton had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands,
her

her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him, in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

Marraton is also said to have had a sight of those dismal habitations, which are the portion

Indian Traditionary Tale, from Addison. 251

of ill men after death; and that he saw several molten seas of lead, gold, &c. in which were plunged the souls of barbarous and wicked men.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD;

AN ALLEGORY.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



Truth in platonic ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love; unheeding recollect.

IT is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.

The bow and the horse were easily mastered, but it would have been happy, if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated,
and

and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations of Falschhood.

There are, indeed in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake Truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak Truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of Falschhood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness; those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of Falschhood is very widely extended, and many, whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasing, because contrary to our wishes, and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason, many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against Truth

Truth may be overcome; and as physic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly, impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of Heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than her companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions, but like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

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It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and, in holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself among the passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received by Falsehood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and
active

active doubles which Falsehood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended his empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it; they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt, when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when he first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellectual was precluded by prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by passion. She indeed advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her

in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easy reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since, by giving themselves up to Falsehood, they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

BOZALDAB,

BOZALDAB, CALIPH OF EGYPT,

AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

(From Dr. Hawkesworth.)

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely, for many years, in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crouded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquest, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of his grief and despair refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: He there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed
 Y 3 the

the cup of consolation, that patience offered him, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent (he cried) who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of eternity and woe—I will continue in it no longer."

At that moment he seriously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain. Look from hence, (said the awful conductor) I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace, look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the miſt of which ſat a pale, meagre, and ghafly figure; it was a merchant juſt perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this ſorlorn uninhabited deſart; and begging the protection of Heaven againſt tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them.

He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

“Inhabitant of Heaven, (cried Bozaldab) ſuffer not this wretch to periſh by the fury of wild beaſts.” “Peace, (ſaid the Angel,) and obſerve.”

He looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket.

No ſooner had this pitileſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with the crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

“Will Heaven permit ſuch injuſtice to be practiſed?” (exclaimed Bozaldab.)

“Look again, (ſaid the Angel) and behold the very ſhip in which, ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou wiſhedſt the merchant might embark,
daſhed

dashed in pieces on a rock; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied, shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useless and vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor.

“Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.”

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Howri.

“Gracious Alla! it is my son,” (cried the Caliph) “O let me hold him to my heart!”

“Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,” (replied the Angel) “I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.” “And why,” (returned Bozaldab) “was he not permitted to continue?”

tinue? Why was I not ſuffered to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and power?" "Conſider the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven.

Bozaldab looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, in which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs; it was again animated with diſdain, it became pale with apprehenſion, and appeared to be withered with intemperance; his hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror; the palace ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

"Happy, (ſaid Caloc) is he whom Providence has by the Angel of death ſnatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumulated upon himſelf yet greater miſery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough, (cried Bozaldab) I adore the inſcrutable ſchemes of Omnſcience! From what dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued, by a death which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſmitted his ſpirit to the ſkies."

"Caſt away the dagger, (replied the heavenly meſſenger,) which thou waſt preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for ſilence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddineſs and ſtupefaction,
into

into the vast abyfs of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that fees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of thy Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean?

“Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.”

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

“Happy, (said Caloc) is the whom Providence has by the Angel of death rescued from guilt from whom that power is withheld, which it be had possessed, would have accumulated upon him left yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.”

“It is enough, (said Bozaidab) I adore the ineffable secrets of Omnipotence! From what which I truly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transferred his spirit to the skies.”

“Cast away the dagger, (said the heavenly messenger) which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and supplication, into

MODESTY

MODESTY AND ASSURANCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

(From the World.)

MODESTY, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their nature, to lay aside all animosities; and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently
been

been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon.

Modesty had been excluded from several of such houses, and often compelled to take shelter in the cottage of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots, or the coarsest provision, her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castle and places upon the way; while Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion, whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favorites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty; and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem, which she had vainly

vainly hoped for her absence; while Modesty, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state.

Assurance, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion; for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed and made no answer; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world, as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a distance a magnificent castle, and a croud of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside her covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and

was driven down by the current. Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone, though not altogether as pleasant as with her companion.

Notwithstanding the danger Modesty appeared to have been in, she at length reached the shore, which by the winding of the river brought her to the spot to where Assurance was travelling onward, and again joining company, they arrived at a magnificent castle, where Assurance had the mortification of being detected assuming the air of Modesty, and where Modesty met the reward she was to justly entitled to.

THE
MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

A DREAM.

(From Addison.)



IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which fell to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; which implies, that the hardships and misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we should change condition with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his grief and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape; who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks, her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered it to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames;

flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into a heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He

was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burthens, the Fantome which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when on a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to change his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasure and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at full liberty to exchange his affliction,

affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began to bestir herself, and parcelling up the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed.

Some observations, which I made on this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain.

It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey-hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it
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in her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be, that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned before, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up a bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. —My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, in so much, that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it; I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long spindle-

dle-shanks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him, I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several bundles.

The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which the Fantome, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead, a goddess of a quite different figure. Her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most
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commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own epoch, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this dream, I learn from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any one to form a right judgement of his neighbour's sufferings, for which reason I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

THE
BEGGAR'S PETITION.

A POEM.

(*Anonymous.*)



PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
 To seek for shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we
 repine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to this state you see,
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THE
VISION OF MIRZA.

(From Addison.)



ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life, and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock, that was not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he ap-

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plied

plied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music, as they passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest; I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide

tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge, thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it; but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied

and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuits of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flight of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other leathered creatures, several winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.

These,

followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunity for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he beheld his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten, the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulating himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believing himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for ornament, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured the most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags

craggs were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the Voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation.

But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power. "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

ENVY

ENVY AND THE WALLS OF VICE.

A REVERIE.

(From the Travels of Zoroaster.)

ON the third day of the seventh month, as I, Zugiah, the Syrian, and son of Ethbaal, lay muling on my solitary couch, in my lonely grot, expecting the approach of the grateful vicissitude of light; on a sudden I imagined myself transported into a strange land. A being of more than human form presented himself before me, who surveyed me all over with silent and earnest looks.

I would fain have spoke, but dreaded giving offence; he at length broke silence in the following words, "Banish thy fears, son of Care! and gather instruction from what thou shalt see and hear; ascend with me yon eminence; from thence each object around you will present itself in genuine colours, yon will there behold the

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great chain of nature, with respect to man, and learn how all have a relative connexion with each other from the prince on the throne to individuals of little note; repine not therefore at thine own lot, nor vainly wish to envy the state of any one, whatever his present state may appear, whether from seeming grandeur, knowledge, or other cause. Question me not, who, or what I am; let such a thought be a secret to thy tongue; yet, assure thyself, that no danger shall reach thee whilst I shall be thy guide and protector."

Having finished this speech, he walked towards the eminence, whilst I followed him with cheerfulness.

As soon as we had gained the summit, "Zugiah, (said he, calling me by my name, though I had not mentioned it to him) cast thine eyes westward, and consider attentively that busy crowd before thee, and single out, if thou canst, any one in particular whom thou may'st think, that his state is to be preferred to thine own."

"Yes, benevolent conductor, (answered I) behold there a king, his state is surely preferable to mine. Is not he in the present enjoyment of an entire liberty? Who dares to controul him? His will is a law; his subjects are dazzled by the splendour of his majesty; the desires of their hearts are silent in his presence, and wait with trembling the decision of his absolute decree; the armed men about him watch all his motions, and fly to execute his dread command. He sits potent and magnificent; he exults, and prides himself in that liberty which he possesses, of acting as he pleases, and of captivating the understanding of others into a compliance to his. If his state is not to be desired, who shall I——"

"Hold, hold, (said my director, interrupting me) your judgment is narrow and confined. This king

king whom you repute to be such a master of his actions, is a greater slave than many of those who encompass his throne; to be a master of one's actions argues not a state of freedom, unless it has an immediate tendency towards, or is actually employed in the doing of good.

"Besides, the king you have thus rashly pronounced to be free is a slave to ambition, to immoderate power, to glory and magnificence; he is open to all the baseness of flattery, and is ignorant of the sweets of friendship.

"The crowd that are prostrate before him, are but a crowd of sycophants, who are either friends or foes, as matters of state proceed well or ill; of course, their obeysances are forced, and their praises are insincere."

I was convinced from this speech of my error, and was happy that my condition did not deprive me of the blessings of truth and friendship.

At the end of this speech, "Come Zugiah, (observed my conductor) consider, and see whether you can point out any one else in your opinion, whose situation is more worthy to be preferred than your own."

Ready to comply with his desire, I cast my eye downwards, and after some time spent in fixed contemplation, I turned about to my director, and said, "Lo! there, on the other side of this country, amidst the shades of silent groves, I discover a few men engaged, in all appearance, from worldly vexations; sublime meditations lift up their minds, yet methink, I perceive their brows rather lower with some hidden discontent."

"These men, (answered my director) have got the reputation of being truly learned, dissenting from the opinions received by the rest of the world, which they imagine to be vulgar, trivial, and stupid; they are slaves to the pride of their own

minds, and to the emptiness of their own conceits; they are agitated by a diversity of opinions which they can never reconcile, and tossed in the waves of error." I found that the state of those were not to be envied any more than that of the king, and acknowledged my gratitude to my conductor.

"Examine once more the land thou see'st, (observed my benevolent guide) perhaps, some other objects may present themselves to thy sight."

Obedient to his will, I collected all the attention of my eyes and mind to satisfy this last view, and having taken the strictest notice I possibly could of every particular, I turned about again to him, and said, "What is the meaning of the seven walls, which on all sides enclose this country? and why do some of the inhabitants I see, wear chains of gold, others chains of iron? why are some others bound fast by almost imperceptible ties? and why have all some ugly monster flying over their heads."

"The seven walls, (answered my protector) which gradually ascend in height, denote the various degrees of vice, of which chiefly may be reckoned envy, and proceeding from it, malice, hatred, revenge, cruelty, injustice and ambition. The different modes in which the inhabitants are bound, denote the extremes with which those vices have got hold of them. Those who are bound in chains of gold shew the wearer to have rose to the summit of ambition, but although they seem easy, they are quite the reverse; their hearts also are as heavy as the metal they wear, for as gold is the heaviest of metals, so the cares of ambition are the heaviest of those seven vices, being often acquired by having been in possession of every one of them; those bound in chains of iron, exhibit those who have only transgressed the laws of the country you see, either by injustice or cruelty,

cruelty, and are reserved for the punishment due to their respective crimes; the difference in the effect of the two chains are, that although the captives are seemingly equally fast bound, the splendor of the first prevents the punishment due to the wearers being inflicted, whilst the wearers of the latter generally meet the punishments due to their deserts; those bound fast by almost imperceptible ties, denote some of the other vices to have got hold of them, though not to any great degree, but having once made a beginning are sure of making a rapid progress; those who have some ugly monster flying over their heads, denote that all are haunted by some deformed monster; for every species of vice is a monster, filling with frightful ideas the minds of those who addict themselves to them.

As soon as my benevolent director had ended, I was ready to thank him, and to ask him where he would have me look next; but before I could open my lips, his lovely form mixed with the thin air, the whole scene disappeared in an instant, and I found myself stretched near the entrance of my grot.

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PLEASURE

PLEASURE AND PAIN.**AN ALLEGORY.***(From Addison.)*

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more antient than any that is extant, besides the abovementioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it; and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and duty.

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We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece, and if we look into the very beginning of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns; not to mention La Fontaine, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixed among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the antient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are fables of this nature, and that the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the
feat

seat of reason; and thus the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain, that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables; as *Spencer's Fairy Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with *Pleasure* and *Virtue*; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first dawns of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my readers with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must, in a few words, open the occasion of it.

In the account which *Plato* gives us of the conversation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When *Socrates's* fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled

galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his usual manner, to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some fine beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

There were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitations in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in Hell.

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The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species, commonly called Man, was too miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above mentioned families, Pleasure who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen, in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded; by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant
yoke

yoke fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain portion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. On the contrary, if he had in him a certain portion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven, by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

The APPLICATION.

Moral good and evil are productive of all the happiness or misery we see in the world. In this imperfect state the best of men have their share of pain. It is only after death, virtue and vice shall have their compleat reward, which will be exactly proportioned to our prevailing conduct here.

ORTOGRUL

ORTOGRUL AND BASSORA ;

OR,

FLATTERY AND RICHES.

A TURKISH TALE.

(Anonymous.)



AS Ortogrul of Bassora was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Visier, who having returned from the Divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartmnets, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks and his mandate is obeyed, he wishes and his wish is gratified. All whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections. They tell that thou art wise, but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content and have not found it, I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to

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offer

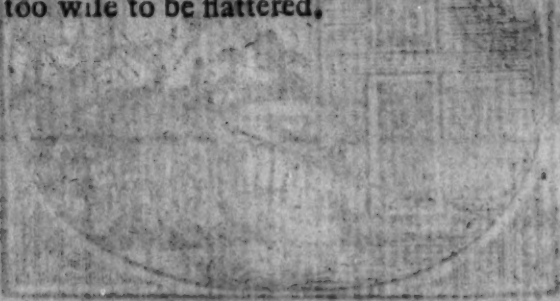
offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him.

Ortogrul, said the old man, I know thy perplexity, listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain. Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills. Ortogrul looked and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill, gliding from the well. Let me be quickly rich, said Ortogrul, let the golden stream be quick and violent.

Look round thee, said his father, once again. Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept it always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased land on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy
all

all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with his faults. How long, said he, with a deep sigh, have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth which at last is useless. Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is not already too wise to be flattered.



**HISTORICAL EXAMPLE OF HONOUR,
IN THE HISTORY OF CUDJOE,**

AN AFRICAN NEGRO.

(Seagrove.)



A NEW-ENGLAND sloop trading to Guinea in 1752, left there, a second mate, William Murray, sick on shore, and sailed without him. Murray was at the house of a black, named Cudjoe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered, and the sloop being gone, he continued with his black friend till some other opportunity should offer of his getting home. In the mean time, a Dutch ship came into the road, and some of the blacks coming on board her, was treacherously seized and

and carried off as their slaves. The relations and friends, transported with sudden rage, ran to the house of Cudjoe, to take revenge by killing Murray. Cudjoe stopt them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "The white men (said they) have carried away our brothers and sons, and we will kill all white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, for we will kill him." "Nay (said Cudjoe) the white men that carried away your relations are bad men, kill them when you can take them; but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him." "But he is a white man (they cried) and the white men are all bad men, we will kill them all." "Nay (says he) you must not kill a man that has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend, my house is his post, I am his soldier, and must fight for him! you must kill me before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof, if I let my floor be stained with a good man's blood."

The negroes seeing his resolution, and being convinced, by his discourse, that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few days, Murray ventured abroad with his friend Cudjoe, when several of them took him by the hand, and told him, "They were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a good (meaning innocent) man, their God would have been very angry, and would have spoiled their fishing."

THE
MOUNTAIN AND TEMPLE OF FAME.

A DREAM.

(From Addison.)



BEING yesterday employed the whole afternoon, in selecting the catalogues of illustrious persons, and comparing them with each other, they made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable dream, which I shall describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could
number.

number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in an human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with rapture, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure; but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three syrens cloathed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads,

heads, and others buskins on their legs. In short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good Dæmon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole dream, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no further; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backwards, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths, which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two
great

great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies.

At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way; crouds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death. The sceptre that guarded the other road, was Envy; she was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissing, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of the ghastly appearances; but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction upon their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole

whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultations. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was clad in bright armour, on his head he wore a helmet, on which waved a plume of feathers, on his shield was depicted his arms; by the latter I knew him to be William the Conqueror. He was attended by a crowd of armed men.

After him followed several others, famous in their respective situations, as Alfred the Great, Henry V. Chaucer, and Shakespear, with several eminent historians, divines, lawyers and moral writers. By the latter, I learnt, that to arrive at the Temple of Fame could only be performed by emulating or excelling some character which had arrived there before me.

HAMET

HAMET AND RASCHID;
OR,
THE DANGER OF EXCESS.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



WHEN the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress, prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew to be the Genius of Distribution.

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In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction.

The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the species of *Sabæa*—"Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust, I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied; speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O being, kind and beneficent, (says Hamet) let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow." "It is granted," replied the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain, bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. "I request, (says Raschid) that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my ground, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the Genius spoke, "Rash man, be not insatiable! remember, to thee that is nothing which thou can'st not use; and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?" Raschid repeated his desire,

desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the land of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.



How it is shown in the early ages of the world, as it well known to those who are skilled in ancient history. When the first of mankind was created, he was placed in a state of innocence, and was not subject to the punishment of death. He was created in the image of God, and was given dominion over the animals of the earth. He was also given the use of reason, and was able to distinguish between good and evil. He was created in a state of purity, and was not subject to the corruption of sin. He was created in a state of happiness, and was able to enjoy the fruits of the earth. He was created in a state of freedom, and was able to move about at will. He was created in a state of health, and was able to live a long and happy life. He was created in a state of peace, and was able to live in harmony with the animals of the earth. He was created in a state of love, and was able to love his fellow creatures. He was created in a state of wisdom, and was able to govern himself. He was created in a state of power, and was able to overcome all his enemies. He was created in a state of glory, and was able to live in the presence of God. He was created in a state of perfection, and was able to live in the image of God. He was created in a state of immortality, and was able to live forever. He was created in a state of happiness, and was able to enjoy the fruits of the earth. He was created in a state of freedom, and was able to move about at will. He was created in a state of health, and was able to live a long and happy life. He was created in a state of peace, and was able to live in harmony with the animals of the earth. He was created in a state of love, and was able to love his fellow creatures. He was created in a state of wisdom, and was able to govern himself. He was created in a state of power, and was able to overcome all his enemies. He was created in a state of glory, and was able to live in the presence of God. He was created in a state of perfection, and was able to live in the image of God. He was created in a state of immortality, and was able to live forever.

(9) **De REST**

REST AND LABOUR.**AN ALLEGORY.***(From Dr. Johnson.)**Alternate rest and labour long endure. Ovid.*

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure and constant plenty, under the protection of Rest; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars or sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon the turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances

dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief. Famine, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havoc among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the son of Necessity, the nurseling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun, he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either famine or disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

"Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forests its beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure."

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills

hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables and crowded store-houses.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Lassitude, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning; at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her, lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of Labour, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of Rest, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Rest had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which Labour had procured them.

Rest therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos, with cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never still her returning fu-

gatives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with Labour; nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for she was obliged to share it with Luxury, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

The two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till at last Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshippers. Rest then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

Rest had not always the same enemy; in some places she escaped the incursions of Disease, but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder, for very frequently, when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, Satiety would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of Rest. No sooner was she seated than general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortunes.

Rest had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt, some
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of them united themselves more closely to Luxury, who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away, and others that were more wise or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

Thus Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labour saw the riches which he had given, always carried away as an offering to Rest; and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at last, determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between Rest and Labour.

CRITICISM.

CRITICISM.**AN ALLEGORY.***(From Dr. Johnson.)*

Undisappointed in designs,
 With native honours Virtue shines;
 Nor takes up power, nor lays it down,
 As giddy rabbles smile or frown.

THE task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which

which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.

Either of these labours is very difficult; because, that they may not be fruitless, men must not only be persuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they must not only confess their ignorance, but, what is still less pleasing, must allow that from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themselves.

It might be imagined that such an employment was in itself sufficiently irksome and hazardous; that none would be found so malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the stone of Sisyphus; and that few endeavours would be used to obstruct those advances to reputation, which must be made at such an expence of time and thought, with so great hazard in the miscarriage, and with so little advantage from the success.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who stand as centinels in the avenues of Fame, and value themselves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the first notice of a prey.

To these men, who distinguish themselves by the appellation of Critics, it is necessary for a new author to find some means of recommendation. It is probable that the most malignant of these persecutors might be somewhat softened and prevailed on, for a short time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpose considered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that Argus was lulled by music, and Cerberus quieted by a sop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe

believe that modern critics, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulness of Argus, and can bark as loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be subdued by methods of the same kind.

I have heard how some have been pacified with claret and a supper, and others laid asleep with the soft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act against me by lawful authority, and suspect that they have presumed upon a forged commission, stiled themselves the ministers of Criticism, without any authentic evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

Criticism, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldest daughter of Labour and of Truth; she was, at her birth, committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wisdom. Being soon distinguished by the celestials for her uncommon qualities, she was appointed the governess of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the Muses, when they sung before the throne of Jupiter.

When the Muses condescended to visit this lower world, they came accompanied by Criticism, to whom, upon her descent from her native regions, Justice gave a sceptre to be carried aloft in her right hand; one of which was tinctured with ambrosia, and enwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypress and poppies, and dipped in the waters of Oblivion. In her left
hand

hand she bore an unextinguishable torch, manufactured by Labour, and lighted by Truth, of which it was the particular quality immediately to shew every thing in its true form, however it might be disguised to common eyes. Whatever Art could complicate, or Folly could confound, was, upon the first gleam of the torch of Truth, exhibited in its distinct parts and original simplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of sophistry, and shewed at once all the absurdities to which they served for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which Rhetorick often sold to Falshood, and detected the disproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus furnished for the execution of her office, Criticism came down to survey the performances of those who professed themselves the votaries of the Muses. Whatever was brought before her, she beheld by the steady light of the torch of Truth; and when her examination had convinced her that the laws of just writing had been observed, she touched it with the amaranthine end of the sceptre, and consigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works which required her inspection, there was some imposture attempted, that false colours were laboriously laid, that some inequality was found between the words and sentiments, or some dissimilitude of the ideas and the original objects, that incongruities were linked together, or that some parts were of no use but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, solidity, or usefulness.

Wherever such discoveries were made, and they were made whenever these faults were committed, Criticism refused the touch which conferred the sanction of immortality; and when the

the errors were frequent and gross, reversed the sceptre, and let drops of Lethe distil from the poppies and cypress, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waste the work away, till it was at last totally destroyed.

There were some compositions brought to the test, in which, when the strongest light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared so equally mingled, that Criticism stood with her sceptre poised in her hand, in doubt whether to shed Lethe or ambrosia upon them. These at last increased to so great a number, that she was weary of attending such doubtful claims; and, for fear of using improperly the sceptre of justice, referred the cause to be considered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, some few caprices excepted, conformable to justice; and many who thought themselves secure by a short forbearance, have sunk under his scythe, as they were passing down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was observable that some were destroyed by little and little, and others crushed for ever by a single blow.

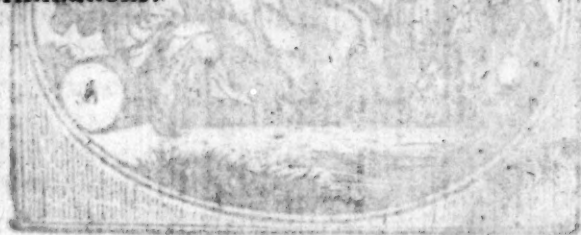
Criticism, having long kept her eye fixed steadily upon Time, was at last so well satisfied with his conduct, that she withdrew from the earth with her patroness Astraea, and left Prejudice and False Taste to ravage at large as the associates of Fraud and Mischief; contenting herself thenceforth to shed her influence from afar upon some select minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure she broke her sceptre; of which the shivers that formed the ambrosial end were caught up by Flattery, and those that had been infected with the waters of Lethe were, with

with equal haste, seized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, neither had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever Power or Interest happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were supplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal lustre, that its light fell only upon faults.

No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

With these fragments of authority, the slaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their mistresses, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the sceptre had now lost its power; and Time passes his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations.



As I was walking two or three days ago in a
very pleasant retirement, and pursuing my daily
walks, I happened to pass by a beautiful site,
which I call "The Temple of Cebes." I was
about to enter with my wife, that I let down
upon a bench that stood in the midst of an
immense hedge. The ruins of the bridge, that
crossed the river, were about me. I called out to
my wife, who was following me, and I had
just time to see her fall, before I was
struck by the same stone, and lay
dead.

I finished

THE
REGION OF LIBERTY.

A DREAM.

(From Dr. Johnson.)



AS I was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory called "The Tablature of Cebes," I was at last so tired with my walk, that I set down to rest upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream on some of the subjects on which I had been just before reading.

I fancied

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling, through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wilderness of those cold hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Liberty, whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river

that arose out of the south-side of the mountain; that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meadows, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the Regions of Slavery, but runs through them with incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them beheld the Goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddess sat the Genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather
dreadful

dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, "The Ides of March."

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was cloathed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay couching at her feet; her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror; her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty, were the several arts and sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The

name of the first was Plenty, of the second Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and inclosures; until at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The wind that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high until they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this great circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of the avenues, who kept

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the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

LOVE's

LOVE'S TRIUMPH;

OR,

MYSTERIOUS TRANSFORMATIONS.

A TALE.

(*Anonymous.*)

ZEMENZIFF, King of Basra, had for a long time loved, and been beloved by the beautiful Gulraka, Princess of Visapour, he had often fought her in marriage, of the Queen her mother, (her father being then dead) but that Princess, designing her daughter for Zebadour, a potent magician, to whom their family had many obligations, declined his alliance; the young Princess, who abhorred the enchanter, beseeched the Queen not to compel her to a match that would make her for ever unhappy; but the Queen, already determined in favour of Zebadour, would not listen to her daughter's entreaties, and the Princess was just going to be made a sacrifice to him, when the Queen was seized with a violent fever; this put a stop to the intended nuptials, and the Magician was obliged to quit Visapour, on an affair of the last importance, that called him to another quarter of the world. The Queen's illness encreased, and one day calling the Princess to her bedside, she spoke to her in this manner: I see, my dear daughter, you can never be Zebadour's, the Gods, who have allotted

lotted you another fate, calls me from this world, to have the entire disposing of your destiny themselves; in dying I am freed from my promise to the Enchanter, it were to oppose the will of Heaven, who by taking me from you, seems to leave you mistress of your own choice, should I command you to marry Zebadour; no, Princess, I depend on your virtue, and the protection of our great prophet, to make you happy; farewell, my daughter, my hour is come, I go to meet the good old King your father, so nothing to disturb—The Queen could proceed no farther, she affectionately embraced Gulraka, and then expired; the grief of the Princess is not to be expressed at this melancholy sight, she tenderly loved the Queen her mother, and nothing but her being delivered from Zebadour, who she hated, could in any measure alleviate her sorrow; she interred the Queen magnificently, and after allowing a decent time for mourning, she publicly espoused Zemenziff, (who had arrived at her court soon after the death of the Queen) and was by him conducted to Basra, where she was proclaimed Queen; the King thought his felicity was now complete; the illustrious Gulraka was the delight of all hearts, she was admired for her matchless beauty, and loved and respected for her virtues; but the happiness of Zemenziff was too great to be of long continuance, he lost this lovely Princess in seven months after their marriage; she was snatched from him by a sudden disorder, which, notwithstanding the endeavours of the most skilful physicians in Basra, carried her off in three day's time. Zemenziff is unable to support this shock, he is drove almost to distraction, he leaves the court, and retires to a palace some leagues from the city, where he passes his days in bitterness and solitude. His faithful visier,

Ibbenriza,

Ibbenriza, never quitted him in his misfortune; he knew the King's affliction was as yet too sharp to admit of any consolation; (for where our soul is deeply touched, 'tis more acceptable to sympathize with and indulge our grief than to endeavour to assuage it) therefore he waited till time might, in some degree, abate his sorrows. Two years elapsed, without making any alteration in the King, the prudent visier, who could not see this without a sensible concern, took the liberty one day to represent to him, of what ill consequence it might be to his kingdom, should he continue longer to indulge a melancholy, and as it were a forgetfulness of himself, which had been already taken advantage of by a neighbouring Prince, who, it was rumoured, was making preparations, with all diligence, to invade his dominions; he farther added, that his subjects began to murmur for their King, who, they said, wasted his time in unavailing sorrow, when they had the greatest need of his protection and assistance. In this manner, Ibbenriza reminded the King, his master, of his duty, without giving him room to be offended. Zemenziff, who perceived the visier spoke his own sentiments as well as those of his people, returned him this answer: I have the welfare of my subjects too much at heart, (if my own private happiness were laid aside) not to come into any measures for their safety; I will, therefore, shake off this fruitless melancholy that you seem to reproach me with, and to make amends for the time I have been absent from my people, I will, for the remainder of my life, study to render them happy, and to-morrow I will appear amongst them.

This mild and gracious reply of the King's filled Ibbenriza with joy, he communicated his design

design to the principal men of the court, and the agreeable tidings soon spread all over the city; Zemenziff the next day returned to his capital, and was received with the loudest acclamations of joy. This news soon reached the ears of Prince Rohaney, who imagined he would have made an easy conquest of Basra, on account of the King's retirement, but he found he had not acted so secretly, but that Zemenziff was apprised of his proceedings; and the known valour of that monarch, together with his immense treasures, and the strength of his armies, prevented the Prince, (who relied more on the surprise he should put the inhabitants into, than on his own forces) from making any attempts on his kingdom; every thing was now tranquil, joy set on every face, and Zemenziff wore a serenity in his countenance, that was remote from his soul, he mourns secretly for Gulraka, and she is never absent from his thoughts. Every body strove to entertain the King, and there did not a day pass, but what produced some new effect of their desire to please him. Zemenziff beheld with pleasure the zeal his people shewed on all occasions, and neglected no opportunities of expressing his acknowledgments; all appeared with a calm aspect, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the welfare of the kingdom of Basra, but an heir to the throne of Zemenziff, for the people were apprehensive, that after the death of that King, great disputes would arise amongst the princes of the blood, that might engage the nation in a fatal war, unless he had a son, whose undoubted right to the crown would prevent all contentions; these considerations made them resolve to entreat the King to think of a second marriage; and Ibbenriza, as he held the highest place in the King's esteem, as well

well as the dignity of his office, was fixed upon to represent this to him; and indeed this prudent minister had need of all his eloquence and wisdom, to prevail on the King to hear him speak on this article. What, Ibbenriza, cried he, do you think I can forget Gulraka, or that it is possible for the world to produce so excellent a woman! No, no, I can never think——but where am I running? (interrupted in this transport) Is this the way I keep my resolution of studying for my peoples good? Yes, visier, I will do as they would have me; I will forget the Queen——but, added he, after pausing some time, and letting fall a shower of tears, as that victory will cost me much pain, I must take some time to accomplish it; in the mean while, let my subjects fix on some Princess, that they shall think worthy to reign over them, and their choice shall be mine.

Their conversation ended here; Ibbenriza withdrew to declare his success, and Zemenziff retired to his closet, where laying himself down on a sofa, having wearied himself with a thousand perplexing thoughts, he fell fast asleep; when there appeared before him, a venerable old man, he had on him a cloak of white satin, fringed with silver, and a cap of the same, adorned with black feathers; he held in one hand, an ivory truncheon, and in the other, a jasper box, of an oval form, set with diamonds, which presenting to the King, with a profound obeisance, he disappeared, and Zemenziff immediately awoke, but was not a little astonished, at finding in his hand the very box he had just in a dream received from the old man; he opened it with great precipitation, and found in it a square ruby of surprising lustre, which he no sooner took in his hand, than dividing in the middle,

middle, it discovered to him a golden heart, that lay concealed in the hollow of it; upon examining the heart, he perceived two little hooks, he pulled them out of the rings, and the sides of it falling asunder, he saw a rose colour purse, of the finest texture, embroidered with silver, and clasped with an emerald, he opened the purse, and found it contained a picture of a woman of ravishing beauty; under which was written these lines:

With tender awe, this face behold;

Ordain'd to make you blest;

Fate will this mystery unfold,

And time disclose the rest.

This novelty filled the King with wonder, he declared this surprising incident, and shewing the lady's portrait, no one doubted, but that this was her destined by the gods to be their Queen, and laid aside all thoughts of any other, impatiently expecting to see the beautiful person, whose appearance was introduced in so extraordinary a manner; when one day, as Zemenziff returned from hunting, as he passed through a meadow, perceived drinking at a spring, a young leopard, whose skin was so beautifully spotted, that he was desirous to take it, and as the creature did not seem very shy, he thought it would be no difficult matter to do so; but as he approached nearer, the leopard left the spring, and made towards a wood that was in view, the King pursued him a long time, till having led him with all his retinue into the thickest part of the wood, he there lost sight of it; just as he entered a long walk, planted on both sides with orange trees, at the end of which was a stately castle, he rode up to it, and saw a lady richly dressed, standing with her back to him, in a

porch, supported with pillars of coral, and paved with green marble; the King alighted off his horse, and the lady turning about, he immediately knew her to be she whose picture he had seen; she no sooner saw him, than she cried out, It is Zemenziff! it is my husband! it is the King of Basra! and was about throwing herself at his feet, when the King prevented her.

My lord, says the lady, I believe the words which you have heard me say, surprises you, but the sudden emotion I felt at seeing you, forced me to break out into that exclamation, and I will let you know by what means I came to the knowledge of what I said; saying this, she led the King into a magnificent hall, where, placing him on a throne of agate, raised some steps from the floor, she took her seat on a sofa, that stood at the foot of it, and began in this manner: you must know then, my lord, that my name is Rohadneycumæ, and am daughter to the Braekman, Achmelhafer, heretofore King of Gilolo;* I was but eight years old, when my father, fatigued with the weight of a crown, and touched with some other private misfortunes, that made his own country disagreeable to him, leaving the care of his dominions in the hands of his brother, till I should be capable of reigning, retired to this solitude with me, who chose rather to accompany him, than stay with my uncle in all the splendour of a court; the great knowledge he had acquired in the most secret works of nature, had made him find matter of wonder and speculation in the minutest things, and he preferred the innocent pleasures this solitary life afforded him, to all the grandeur he had quitted; but as I had now attained my fourteenth year, he

* An island in the Indian sea.

he thought my sentiments were different from what they were at first, and that the gay attractions of a crown would suit better with my youth, than sublime study, or contemplating the prodigious works of the Creator; he therefore one day proposed to me to return to Gilolo, and ascend the throne my uncle was preserving for me; but the instructions my father had bestowed upon me, made me look upon every thing in so different a light, that I put more value on being acquainted with the nature of a simple, or the virtues of a mineral, than I did on the greatest crown on earth; this, together with a love of solitude, and a natural austerity of mind, made me decline the offer, and entreat my father to suffer me to continue with him; this denial so unexpected from one of my age, was extremely agreeable to my father; my dear daughter, says he, embracing me, I see the greatness of your soul, but though you contemn the crown of Gilolo, I see you are born to wear that of Basra; my father said no more at that time, but used often afterwards to bid me remember his prediction.

My father died soon after, leaving me possessed of very great treasures, and a large number of slaves of both sexes; I was resolved never to quit this amiable retreat, and it is now six years since my father's death, that I have lived here in the utmost tranquillity, and I flattered myself I should never be disturbed in my retirement; when one night my father appeared to me in a dream; the time is at hand, Rohadneycumæ, says he, the time is at hand, when my prediction will be fulfilled; behold this face, continued he, to a picture he held in his hand, and carry the idea of it in your soul; my father here vanished, but the picture made so lively an im-

pression on my mind, that I no sooner cast my eyes on you, than I immediately knew you to be the person whose portrait I had seen.

Just as the Princess had done speaking, the slaves entered the hall with supper, every thing was served with the greatest delicacy and magnificence; the repast being over, the Princess entreated Zemenziff to stay that night at her palace; he accepted of her invitation, and having acquainted the Princess he would the next day conduct her to Basra, he dispatched some of his officers to his palace, to order the necessary preparations for her reception. Accordingly, the day following the King and Princess set out, they were in an open chariot, of silver and crystal, lined with white ermine, and drawn by twelve horses, white as snow, their shoes were gold, and their trappings covered with pearl; Rohadneycumæ was dressed in a loose robe of white satin, clasped with diamonds, and her hair, which was black as jet, was adorned with an infinite number of jewels; eight old men, in long garments of the richest stuff, walked before the chariot, on tapestry which was spread for that purpose; each had a laurel wreath on his head, and played on some instrument of music, these were followed by as many young men, crowned with roses, who accompanied them, with their voices singing praises to the Gods for the happy union, and complimenting the King and Princess for their being peculiarly favoured by Heaven. Twelve of the Princess's women slaves rode after the chariot, dressed in silver brocade, and covered with their veils, having each of them a page, magnificently habited, leading her mule; ten mutes of the Princess Rohadneycumæ's train, distributed money amongst the people, and a vast number of the retinue of both the

the King and Princess closed the procession; in this pompous manner they arrived at Zemenziff's palace, where the Princess was received with all imaginable honours, and with due solemnity she was crowned Queen of Basra; the great rejoicings that were made on this occasion, made it appear that every body was perfectly satisfied with this marriage; Zemenziff was the only person that did not partake in the general joy, Gulraka's memory was still dear to him, she had all his affection, while he paid his new Queen only that respect and complaisance that was due to her; however, he lived in seeming tranquillity for some time, and as the Queen studied to please him, he could not help having an esteem for her.

One day, as the King and Queen were walking unattended, in a sweet park that joined to the palace garden, the weather being extremely hot, they retired under the shade of some spreading trees that grew there, and Rohadneycumæ, reclining herself on the green turf, fell fast asleep, Zemenziff, who had seated himself by her, took this opportunity of drawing from his bosom, (where he always carried it) the picture of his dear Gulraka, he was leaning pensive on his arm, and contemplating the beauties of that amiable Princess, when he heard a little rustling behind him, he looked about, and saw it was occasioned by a stag that was coming towards him, with a very grave pace; the King was surprised to see him so tame, but much more so, when on its approaching nearer to him, it stopped, and regarding the picture he held in his hand, with great earnestness, it let fall some tears, and then fled to a thicket with great precipitation; Zemenziff thought the behaviour of the stag so extraordinary, that it made him imagine it was

something more than it appeared to be, and was reflecting in this manner, when he was again interrupted, he felt the picture pulled rudely out of his hand, and saw a lizard with it in his mouth, making off with all possible speed; the King, provoked at this, pursued it, and having a golden lance in his hand, which the Princess Rohadneycumæ had given him, he darted it at him with so good an aim, that he pinned the lizard to the earth, and having recovered his picture, he returned to the place where he had left the Queen, she was by this time awakened and the cool of the day being come, she proposed to Zemenziff to pursue their walk; they wandered over almost all the park, till at length, coming to the wall that enclosed it, they perceived a little door, of Sander's wood, Zemenziff pushed it gently with his hand, and it immediately opened, but how ravishing was the view that presented itself to their eyes, a plain that exceeded all imagination for verdure, and the most fragrant flowers in nature extended itself, as far as the eye could reach, rose, jessamine, and myrtle trees sprung up every where; a vast number of pedestals of alabaster, were raised at small and equal distances from one another, on every one of these were placed the figure of some animal, such as lions, griffins, eagles, vultures, &c. out of the mouths of which proceeded precious stones, of all the most lovely hues, which falling to the ground became liquid, and formed streams of the most exquisite colours, which without mingling glided through the enamelled earth in various beautiful shades, and appeared like rainbows winding through the grass; the sun displayed himself here with double lustre, and a soft rosy light, to be found no where else, illuminated all this happy place.

The

The King and Queen stood amazed for some time, but at last resolved to go forward; every step they took, presented something beautiful and new, and they now reached the middle of the plain, when they saw at some distance from them, a palace, whose noble appearance made them hasten towards it, they came to it, and found it to be a regular building of white marble, it had twelve doors and fifty four windows in the front, in one of which, was a young man richly dressed, and of a good aspect, playing on a lute; he no sooner saw the King and Queen, than accosting them with great civility, he came to meet them at the gate, and invited them very courteously to his palace, where, conducting them into an apartment richly furnished, he placed each of them on cushions of gold stuff, and took his seat on another facing them; they talked on indifferent matters for some time, till at last, the young man looking earnestly at the Queen, he changed colour, and rising off his seat, he cried out: Unjust Princess, you have triumphed too long, but it is now time to put an end to your perfidy; saying these words, he hastily withdrew into a closet, leaving the King in the utmost astonishment, and the Queen covered with confusion; he returned in a few minutes after, with a gold tablet in his hand, on which were written characters, unintelligible to Zemenziff. He presented it to the Queen, who trembled as she received it, and having read it, she burst into tears, and addressing herself to the young man, Cruel Immeino, says she, you know too well how to punish me, but this treatment shall not go unrevenged; farewell, says she, turning to the King her husband, you will never see me more, and at this, was preparing to leave the apartment, but Zemenziff, catching her by the gown,

gown, entreated her to explain this mystery to him; suffer her to depart, my Lord, says the young man, and you shall know more presently. Ay, replied the King, I should be the most ungrateful man living, if, after all the affection the Queen has shewed me, I should not resolve to partake with her in every thing; permit me therefore, I conjure you, to accompany her wherever she goes. You do not know what you ask, replied the young man, if you go with the Queen it will be fatal to you. The King however beseeched him not to refuse him, and the Queen joining her entreaties to grant her that last request, the young man was at last prevailed upon to consent to it, he led them through a long gallery, and opening a door at the end of it, they descended by a pair of stairs that brought them to the sea-shore, here Immeino again urged the King to stay, for, says he, you may repent your going, and wish for me when perhaps it will not be in my power to serve you; but I charge you, continued he, (finding the King was resolved to go) if what I so much fear, does not prevent you, to return to me immediately after the Queen has obeyed the sacred mandate I have given her; the King promised he would, and Immeino having returned to his palace, he begged of Rohadneycumæ to let him into this odd adventure, but she excused herself, telling him, he would know all at a proper time. Zemenziff said no more, but followed the Queen, who walked about by the sea side till they were out of sight of Immeino's palace; she then stopped, and taking a string of pearl from off her arm, she cast one of them into the water, and there immediately arose half above the waves, a woman of surprising beauty, a cincture of bright blue hung gracefully over her shoulders, and she held

held in her hands the reins of a chariot composed of sapphires, and drawn by sea lynxes. The Queen with great agility sprung into the chariot, and waving her hand at the King, come, my dear Azurelia, says she, to the lady, let us quit this coast never to return to it more; with this, the lynxes darted forward, and carried the chariot out of sight in a moment.

It was to no purpose for the King to make complaints, he found the Queen had deceived him, and impatient to know the truth of the matter, he had turned his steps towards Immeino's palace, who he knew would inform him of every thing, when he felt himself held by the gown; stay, stay, says a voice behind him, 'tis my turn now to be revenged, and I should be a fool indeed, to let this favourable opportunity slip, of punishing a wretch that has injured me so much; the King, enraged at this insolent threat, drew his sabre, and turning about, he saw it was pronounced by a deformed old man; he was going to sever his head from his body, when he found his sabre changed into a reed. The old man at this, burst into laughter; poor Prince, says he, what a pity it is, that you were disappointed in your design of putting me to death; the King finding he was in bad hands, endeavoured to soften the old man; alas! says he, in what have I offended you? I never wronged any one, and I hope you will pardon my rashness, in presuming to attempt any thing against your venerable person; and certainly you would think me unworthy even of your indignation, if I tamely suffered an affront; oh! says the old man, I see you know how to flatter, but those fine speeches shall go for nothing, and to prevent myself from being touched, I will disable you from imploring; saying these words,

words, he plucked three hairs from his beard, which reached down to his girdle, and tying them about the King's neck, he cried out: quit the form of a man, and assume that of a filthy black toad; these words were no sooner announced, than the unfortunate King underwent the dreadful metamorphosis.

The old man, pleased at the effect of his wicked art, took Zemenziff in his hand, and looking at his disagreeable figure, with a malicious smile, I must now tell you, most charming Prince, says he, that I am Zebadour, that magician, that was to have been married to the Princess Gulraka, who you unjustly robbed me of; I could not hinder her from being yours, for at the same time you married her, I was in a distant corner of the world, on a business of the greatest consequence, but her being your wife, would not have protected her from my power; when on my return to Visapour, I found she was dead; the affliction I heard you were under for losing her, I thought was sufficient punishment to you, and I laid aside all designs of revenge, and indeed, I was inconsolable myself for that lovely Princess; but the time being now come, that I was to undergo a change, and be divested of all my power for a certain period, I took the shape of a stag on me, and under that disguise, retired to the most solitary places, till the time of my confinement to that state should be out.

It was in this form, continued he, that I one day had an opportunity of seeing you as you were in your park, admiring the picture of the fair Gulraka; you may remember the concern I shewed at the sight of that portrait, I set my heart on getting it into my possession, as I thought it would be some consolation to me in my solitude, but as you were on your guard, I
could

could not accomplish my design; I flew with the greatest anxiety from you, and happening to meet my brother, who was then metamorphosed into a lizard, I made my uneasiness known to him, he promised he would assist me, and venture to steal the picture from you; I thanked my brother for this kind offer, but how fatal was it to him! I hid myself in a thicket to wait the event of this enterprize, I saw my brother creep gently to you, and snatch the picture from your hand, and was flattering myself with the agreeable hopes of obtaining that only remains of my Princess, when you pursued him, and with your lance robbed him of his life,* and to add to my mortification, you recovered your picture again; stung with rage and grief, I waited impatiently, till the time of my transformation was expired; the happy day at last arrived, and I was searching for you, when my lucky stars presented you to me; you see, proceeded he, I have condescended, undeserving as you are, to let you into all those particulars; be satisfied therefore with your fate, and adore my clemency; Zebadour here ceased to speak, he carried the King to a little marshy spot of ground, and a good distance from the sea, and throwing him down amongst a number of other toads, he waved his hand in the air and disappeared.

The unfortunate King, reduced to these miserable circumstances, bedewed the ground with his tears; he could not blame the magician's resentment, and only lamented his own unhappy destiny, in vain did he wish he had followed the
advice

* All those beings, at particular seasons, assume the shape of some animal or other, at which time they are as much subject to the effects of chance or human power, as the most indifferent beast or reptile, and are as unable to defend themselves as they.

advice of Immeino, he was out of his reach, and he had no hopes left but from death, which he impatiently wished for, to put an end to his afflictions.

In this forlorn condition he passed many days, when one morning he perceived a bird flying with the greatest speed towards the place where he was, it alighted on the bog, and he saw it was a heron, with a gold chain about its neck, it walked to and fro a while, and at last took up one of the toads in its beak and flew away with it; this gave Zemenziff some prospect of being delivered, he resolved to put himself in the heron's way if ever he returned, let the event be what it would; the bird accordingly came back in less than an hour, and the King hopped as high as he could, that it might see him, it happened to his wish, the bird descended, and taking him gently in her bill, mounted with him into the air, she winged her flight with surprising rapidity, and at last alighting in a valley, between two mountains, she dropped the King into a stream, that run through the middle of it; he remained a few minutes under the water, but on his rising out of it, how undescribable are the emotions he felt, when he found he had not only recovered his own shape, but beheld on the banks of the river his dear Gulraka! that Gulraka, whose death he had deplored for almost five years, he saw now standing with her arms stretched out to receive him. Zemenziff could not believe his eyes, he looked upon the Queen, as one from the other world, till the extraordinary transports of joy she expressed, convinced him she was still a mortal; he asked her by what miracle she returned from her grave? I will satisfy you in the best manner I am able, replied the Queen, though I am ignorant of

of the cause of the strange adventure that befel me, with these words, the King and Queen sat down on the brink of the rivulet, and Gulraka begun in the following manner :

You may remember, my lord, says she, that after a short illness, I was given over by my physicians, and as I expected nothing but death, I waited for it with the greatest resignation, and regretted nothing I should leave behind me, but you, when one evening I found myself falling into a soft slumber, in which I imagined I was to steal gently out of the world, I fell into a sound sleep, how long I continued in that, I cannot tell, but on my wakening, I found myself in the most delicious garden that I ever beheld. I thought myself in Paradise, and was making reflections on my past state, when I was accosted by an old man; fair Princess, says he, it is with the greatest reluctance, that I execute the orders I have received, but I serve a power that I dare not disobey; with this, the old man, without waiting for an answer, threw a gold chair over my neck, and pronouncing some magic words, I that moment became a heron; the old man, without acquainting me with his reasons for proceeding in this manner, took me in his hand, and brought me to a charming bower, where he served me with the most exquisite fruits, and treated me with the utmost humanity, but I never saw any body but him, nor was I permitted to stir beyond the limits of the garden; in this condition I continued, till, about twelve days ago, when the old man was bringing some pomegranates into the bower to me, we heard a loud clap of thunder, the old man turned pale, he dropped the fruit out of his hands, I must leave you for a while, says he, I am summoned away, with this he stamped on the ground,

which opening a little, he sunk down and disappeared.

In his absence, I revolved a thousand things in my mind, but could not conceive the meaning of my being constrained to live in this unaccountable manner, and was forced to content myself, with the thoughts that Heaven would at last deliver me.

The old man did not return till the next day, he entered the bower, and bowing respectfully; you are favoured, lovely Gulraka, says he, by our divine prophet, I can no longer detain you, a superior power commands me to release you, I am sorry, added he, that I cannot return you your own form, but that work is destined for a greater hand, but cannot be accomplished till the King, your husband, recovers his own shape, who is now metamorphosed into a toad; you will come to the place where he is, after nine days flying, and by dipping him in the brook, which takes its source by a subterraneous passage from the river Kur, and is situated between two high mountains, he will resume his own form, and you that instant will receive yours; go, Princess, continued he, go, and prosper; saying this, he stroked my plumes, and raising me aloft in the air, I spread my wings, and directed my course to the place where I expected an end to all my misfortunes, I arrived at the time appointed at the bog, where I found you; but I saw a good many seemingly of the same species with you, and the old man, not having given me any particular mark to distinguish you by, I was at a loss which to take, and was resolved to try the experiment on all the toads that was there, and I dipped three or four of them in the brook, without success, till I had the good fortune to find you, this is all the account, proceeded the Queen,
that

that I can give you of myself, and unless you can unriddle this mystery to me, I shall be still at a loss.

Zemenziff here related to the Queen, all that had happened to him, since her imagined death, to that minute, and both concluding that the Princess Rohadneycumæ was at the bottom of all this, the King resolved, if possible, to find out the palace of Immeino, who was to explain these dark adventures to him; he therefore with the Queen ascended one of the mountains, at the other side of which, he beheld, to his unspeakable joy, the plain that led to the abode of that magician; they hastened down the mountain, and in a short time reached the palace, where they were received by the kind Immeino with all the tokens of real pleasure, he led him into the hall where he had first entertained the King, and being all three seated, Zemenziff entreated him to unfold the wonderful incidents he had promised, which Immeino did in these terms:

Know then, said he, addressing himself to the King, that Rohadneycumæ is called the Princess of the Floating Island, because, her ordinary habitation is in a palace of a rock of chrystal, fixed on the back of a tortoise of such prodigious dimensions, that it is generally believed to be an island moving on the sea; this animal, who is a geni, subject to her will, she directs to what part she pleases, and without being put to the least inconvenience, she is conveyed through the vast expanse of waters, to the most distant part of the globe, she has always at her command, hundreds of the most beautiful nymphs in the world, and reigns in a splendour that would satisfy the most ambitious mind on earth; sometimes, tired with the hurry of a magnificent

court, she retires to a sylvan palace, that she built in the closest recesses of an orange grove within your territories, where, with some of the chief favourites, she passes her time in the sereneest pleasures; it was in this rural habitation that she had an opportunity of seeing you as you were hunting with the Queen, your spouse, she fell in love with you, and from that moment, resolved to put Gulraka, who was an obstacle to her wishes, out of the way, she was not cruel enough to take the Queen's life, but designed only to make her appear to die in a natural way, and then to convey her where she should never more be heard of; for this purpose, she gained to her interest one of the Queen's women slaves, who she prevailed upon to give her a potion in her drink, the effects of which I need not repeat, the Queen and you being both acquainted with them already; she removed Gulraka from the tomb, where you had laid her, and gave her in charge to a genⁱ, who she commanded to disguise her under the form of a heron, and in the strictest manner to keep her from all eyes; (and certain it is, that the power of Rohadneycumæ is so great that she deceived even the enchanter Zebadour, who believed with the rest of the world, that the Queen was really dead) the extreme concern you were under for Gulraka made it difficult for the Princess to put her designs in execution so soon as she expected, and she waited two years without any success, when at the end of that time, an opportunity offered of gaining her wishes; you know in what manner her picture was presented to you, for though the Princess had no small opinion of her charms, yet she thought they might make a greater impression on you, if you were first prepossessed with a notion of her being favoured by some supernatural being,

being, who distinguished her particularly for your wife; it was by her directions that the leopard led you from the spring to her palace, where she feigned a story of her being daughter to a Brackman, with other plausible circumstances to amuse you; you were deceived by her wiles, and would never have known the truth, had not I, willing to punish her for her perfidy, suffered my habitation to be visible to you, and drew you to my palace by a secret impulse, which the Princess, notwithstanding her skill, was unable to resist; Rohadneycumæ knew me when she saw me, and was persuaded I would allow her no longer to continue her imposture, but I have punished her in a much gentler manner than she deserves, for I have only confined her to her island for a hundred years, without permitting her once to stir off of it in that time.

I foresaw, continued Immeino, that some danger threatened you, which was the reason I was against your accompanying the Princess, and though I could not at that time precisely tell, of what nature it should be, yet soon after found, that the enchanter Zebadour had met with you, and in what manner he had punished you; I was willing to indulge that magician so far as to let you continue in the form he had put you in for some time, though I might have succoured you much sooner than I did.

I consulted the geni that attended me, and discovered that your destiny, and that of the Queen, your wife, was so linked together, that it was impossible she could receive her natural form, till you had first recovered yours, upon this I summoned the old man that guarded the the Queen before me, and commanded him to set her at liberty, acquainting him at the same tim

time with the means she was to use to procure your mutual happiness.

This, added Immeino, is what I had to declare to you ; I will now take you into my protection, and your happy union shall never more be disturbed; saying this, he embraced the King and Queen, who after paying him a thousand acknowledgments for his friendship to them, he wasted in an instant to their palace in Basra, where they ever after reigned in perfect tranquillity.

THE END.

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